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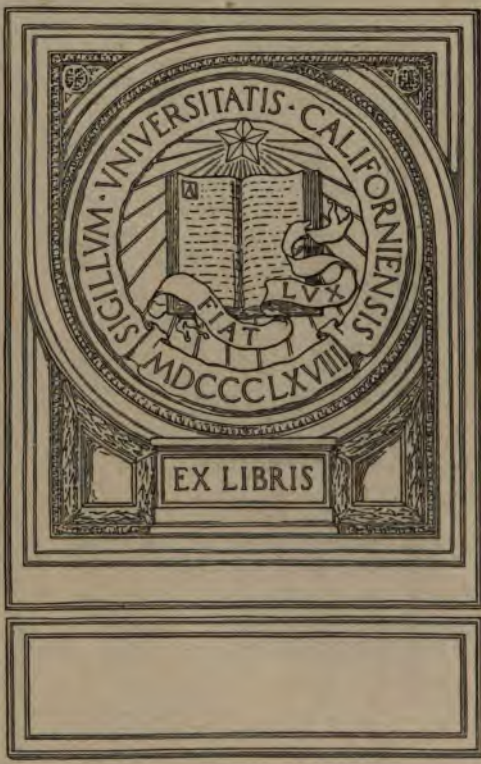
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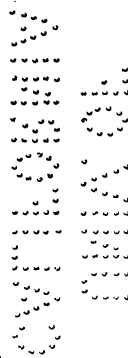


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"FOURTH WITH HIS GLAD HEART URGED HIS HAND TO BE EXTENDED TO THE GENTLE MAID."—Page 55.

DAISY SWAIN,

THE

FLOWER OF SHENANDOAH.

A TALE OF THE REBELLION.

BY

JOHN M. DAGNALL.

ILLUSTRATED.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

. 1865.

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Daisy Swain.

CHAPTER I.

Reuben Swain—His Character—The Birth of Daisy.

LONG ere ruthless civil war laid waste
The fertile Shenandoah Valley, there dwelt,
In all his rustic nature true, and free
As the wind, contented Reuben Swain. On
A green mound, close by a stream, zigzagging
Like an eel on sandy bed around the vale,
Reuben's lovely home, a neat white cot, stood
Raised on cedar spiles. This marked his prudent
mind ;
As ague poisons lurk in meadow damp
And spring freshets had inundate the plain,

No cupola his cottage roof adorned,
Nor did paintings decorate its inner walls
All such ornate pride he left to autocrats,
To tilted lords, and traffic's purse-proud kings.
For, truly, Reuben's nature was too simple
And full of the most gentle virtues as
To even think of such vain, showy things ;
No, his pride was only that of self-respect.
Being one of God's true creatures, Reuben,
Ere each morning sun arose, would upon
His bended knees, at matin prayer, offer
Up his humble thanks to the Giver of all good
For blessings which he hourly conferred,
Of health and vigor, with their many joys,
Cheering his path through life to ripe old age.

Accustomed from his earliest youth to waken
With the day, Reuben always felt a joy
To see, peering through the gray light of dawn,
Streaks of the rising sun, and watch the flush
Of golden light resplendent spread along

The sky ; the verdant landscape o'er illumine ;
Tip with purpling gleams the forest pines ;
Disperse the blue mists from the mountain's side.

Then, thus early in the fresh morning air,
Reuben, with supple step, would saunter through
His well-cultured fields ; and, as he trod the grass
Bespangled o'er with crystal dew, he'd watch
With gladsome eye his flocks upon the hillside
Browse, and judge, with reason clear, the yielding
Promise of his crops ; humming to himself,
As with joyous heart he homeward bent his steps,
Some tender breathing of his soul in song ;
For happy as his days were pure, untouched
By gnawing want, unstained by misery,
Lived gentle Reuben in his rural home.

Free he was from fear of loss, from cares, distrust,
The worldly-minded and penurious have ;
From pangs of dire adversity
Attending trade and constant trafficking ;

For in the bounteous vale where Reuben lived,
The only clouds which lower'd were filled with
rain ;
Reviving parch'd lawn, drooping plant and flower.

Nor could the jade of fickle fortune coquet
With his pride, as vain were all her blandishments
Him to seduce from tranquil state. . Yet,
Notwithstanding Reuben's days were balmy
As an Indian summer's cheering glow, still,
His life by no means was a listless dream
Of indolence, of apathy, of sloth ;
For an innate energy to labor
On his acres broad strung his nerves with strength ;
Gave tension to his muscles, suppleness
To his joints, an appetite for food, though
Simple, yet wholesome ; brought sleep to his eyes,
Ease to his mind, and to his heart tranquillity.
Beside, he earned from his patch of land, funds
Enough to keep himself in time of need ;
In case his strength might cease from old age,

Or stricken be by some infirmity.

This was the only selfishness he knew ;

And he took good care the surplus cash which he

Thus saved should cater to no banker's greed,

Nor usury's bait allure it from his grasp,

Nor paper bonds with golden promises ;

For Reuben, in his lifetime, heard much of

Failures, bankruptcy, and breach of trust ;

How in a moment's time the rich, as well

As the poor man's all, had been from them
swept.

No, Reuben was sole guardian of his gold.

But his hoarded pile filled no chink in a wall,

Nor hole in the ground, but in an oaken chest,

It snugly laid concealed from prying eyes ;

Unsafe, one would think, from prowling burglar,

Whose greed for others' goods, on some dark
night,

Might tempt his predatory steps to roam

Those parts in quest of spoil, and noiselessly

Sack good Reuben's coffer of its treasure.

But the numbing hand of time had scarcely
Affected Reuben's senses ; for his ear
Was then as quick to catch faint sounds, as when
A boy, hunting squirrels in the wild woods ;
And therefore sounds of friendly footsteps knew
From the stealthy tread of a sneaking foe.
Nor was his the sluggard's leaden sleep, who
Will, even when his eyes are open, lie
In supine lethargy dozing, peering
Through a misty veil of film ; and blinking
In the light of day, soon again drop off
Unconsciously to sleep. But no such languor
Blurred the light of Reuben's eyes : once their lids
Were raised, their lamps would brightly burn
renewed
With vigor's oil, by which he'd soon discern
Strange visions, should they near him flit at night ;
Which as soon as seen about, his hand
Would on his gun, already primed to kill
The prowling wolf and panther sly, that sometimes
From their lairs in forests wild came, and raised

Nocturnal havoc 'mong his sheep, be clasped.
 Then, as to his neighbors of the plain, Reuben
 Knew their habits, tastes, and pedigrees too well
 To fear his gold would jaundice their eyes. They
 Reuben's gentle, upright nature also knew ;
 Knew that the beam of divine justice shone
 In his heart to every one alike within
 The valley ; and blending theirs with his, lived
 In peace and harmony together :
 For each one's sense of equity was just.
 Honor was kind Reuben's guide ; probity
 Their counsellor ; nothing foul corrupted
 Reuben's mind ; nor was his taste depraved ;
 His bev'rage was the same that Adam drank :
 Water pure from clear springs and rocky founts.
 This he knew would poison nought within, nor
 Thrill his nerves awhile with spurious ecstasy,
 To deaden the keen sensibility
 Of body, heart, and soul, like alcohol,
 The demon, that fires with delirium
 The drunkard's brain, and fills the minds of men

With dark designs and treason's treach'rous guilt,
Angry quarrels, murder ; then remorse which
Struggles hard with sleep. " No, Reuben would
shrink

With loathing from the devil's nectared bane,
And aught which tended to engender heat
Of blood, burning thirst, and gusts of passions
vile.

Temperate wishes only were in his soul.

The fleecy fabric shorn from his own sheep,
Woven on his own loom, sufficed to guard
His body 'gainst inclement gales, and warm
Him in the fiercest wintry blow ; and in
This simple raiment clad, Reuben felt
As great as any Eastern nabob proud,
Bedecked with royal robes ; as nature's lord
Was he, and reigned supreme in his neat cot,
His castle proud on nature's realms built,
On a green lawn, within a bounteous plain,
Where creation was prolific with her products.

To Reuben 'twas the loveliest spot on earth,
Where many sunny years of bliss he passed,
Sharing the joys of dear domestic life
With the partner of his soul, his Nancy dear,
More faithful, fair, and kind than half of those
Who blaze in vain, proud, ostentatious show :
One who knew her duties well, her womanly
 sphere,
And the sweet pleasures of the virtuous heart ;
Which was the only bliss her husband sought.

There, in the quiet place wherein the happy pair
Found shelter, food, and rest, reason ruled
Their minds and guided them with judgment ; for
Too well they understood the sacred bond,
By which their two dear souls were bound as one,
To mar their wedded bliss with household jars,
Knowing angry breath in ears young is baneful :
And in sweet connubial union their love
Long ago had multiplied itself. The seed
From vigorous stem was cull'd, and free from

Withering blight ; kind nature undertook
The task imposed ; and time brought forth a bud
Of grace, all tenderness, which doubly blest
Their yoke, and crowned with joy their nuptial
couch.



The germ in beauty's mould was cast, budded
 Forth, and blossomed ; in sacred soil grew up
 To vernal morn of life, fresh as a rose
 In unmolested shade, or violet chaste
 In all its virgin freshness, unassuming,
 Modest, all rural grace, and simple charms. .

The joy of her pure heart, all smiles, all cheer,
 Like rising sunlight on a dewy lawn, shone
 On her dimpling cheeks ; rouged with tincture from
 Vermeil meads : health's purpling flood that
 coursed in
 Her azure veins.

The vital essence glowed
 In her eyes, radiant, pure, and mild, like two
 Bright orbs fixed in the coronet of Heaven :
 Endowed they seemed with photographic power
 To print from blooming flowers certain shades ;
 As they one noon-time bright, while ardently
 Fixed upon a variegated bed, drew

By some charmed affinity in their gaze,
Blended hues from both blue-bell and lily ;
And so bright withal, that e'en a lover's glance
might

Dim before their lustrous beaming, or be
Dazzled so his mind's eye would flashing see
Across his brain, a thousand stars glitt'ring
Resplendent with heavenly jewelry.

Enrobed in raiment woven plain upon
Her mother's loom, she, by broach or bracelet
Unadorned, looked with more attractive grace
Than if bedecked in fashion's gaudy finery.
Besides, her form was faultless as the Venus
Of Milo, as fair, as tender to the view ;
Required no false blandishments to lure
The eye, nor stuffs to give herself proportion :
Her heart was void of all such guile, as truth,
Early to her God, had risen up her soul
To heaven, where her faith in Him reposed.



Thus arrayed in nature's simple beauty,
Daisy Swain, the flower of Shenandoah,
Since taken from her parent bed, was
Mildly nurtured with parental sway,
And prospered in her father's fostering hands,
Full sixteen years unconscious of a thorn ;
Unstained by care and sorrow's withering sigh :

Nor had she felt the pangs of fickle love,
That sighs assent, then vanishes from sight.
She was her parents' joy ; their dear pledge of
Reciprocal love ; their pride of heart, whom
They idolized with fond, indulgent care.

Truly, Reuben blest his happy lot, as
His dear wife and child made his cherished home
An envied Paradise, remote from power,
Despots, and proud high-toned authority.
For thus in quiet state he lived in vale of peace,
Where nature gave refreshing showers to
Ev'ry living creature in the valley ;
High and low of birth ; and of mean degree.
There, playful zephyr breathed around his cot ;
And feather'd minstrels trilled their dulcet pipes
Melodiously from boughs of hick'ry green
And chestnut, whose leafy branches intertwined
Above its roof, and formed a canopy
Which screened, from scorching mid-day heat,
one of

The most happy men on this revolving orb ;
One in whose heart the pure flame of devotion
Burned, whose eye, when raised toward the Great
 Supreme,
Saw His blessed spirit in the heavens
Poised on beams of holy light eternal ;
For in Him who gilds the clouds with serene light,
And moves them at His will, was the faith of
Reuben, who, although with eyes untutored,
Saw the book of God was always open
To His creatures ; bound with blue sky and
 illumed
With mingling tints of hills, woods, and plains;
 which
Marked the pictured landscape as the blessed work
Of Hands unerringly Divine, and governed
By a Mind most potent to control *all*
Within the universal world, His who keeps
An eye benignant on His creatures.
Yes, Reuben saw God's kingly spirit throned
Among the hills, the forests, vales, and wilds ;

And heard His awe-inspiring voice thunder
In the torrent's roar, murmur sweetly in
The tingling rill, and whisper in the breeze ;
Felt His friendship in the warm sunlight, gave
Life, and joy, and hope to those who are not
Tied to earth by doubts and worldly things :
Saw God's glad eye peering through the stars by
 night,

In concentric glimpses from His throne of
Glory, where, when heaven would untie
His human bands, Reuben knew full well that
His good soul being from its earthy matter broke,
Would gladly mount the void of viewless air,
And mingle with the spirits of the pure
And holy.



CHAPTER II.

The Comet—The Northern Fanatic—The Southern
Demagogue—The First Shot at Sumpter—The
Battle—The Wounded Federal.

SCARCE had the shock of party strife begun
To vibrate on the nation's heart, than from out

Its dreadful depths a comet flash'd athwart
The lurid sky, and glanced its fiery gleams
Upon star-gazers' eyes. They shrank amazed,
With wonder and dismay alternate,
In their breathless stare. Timid hearts fluttered
With affright. Their fear-fraught minds imagined
That the face of heaven scowling lowered ;
That darker frowns deformed the brow of night,
Just where the shadow marked its orbit's trail,
Foredooming to their terror-stricken hearts,
That soon their sun of day would be eclipsed
Forever in chaotic darkness. Even
Those not quite so superstitious foreboded
The celestial visitor ominous
Of evil dire unto Columbia's sons :
Some great misfortune to their nation, torn
By faction, on the brink of dissolution,
Would be rent asunder by domestic foes,
Thirsty for spoils, for power, and ambition.
Alas! thus luckless did the omen prove ;
For dark spirits then in secret conclave

Thronged around us almost everywhere,
Scheming to fire our minds with discontent,
Intensify our party pride to frenzy ;
And to barter our blest inheritance
To secret traitors and the fiend war,
Which often plague the world and banish
Men's repose.

'Twas in those momentous times,
That, with his hoary head absorbed, hung low
Upon his agitated breast, and with
His anxious visage haggard made by thoughts
Rebellious, there sat alone in his abode
A vulture-beak'd victim of unsated pride,
Deeply hatching in his subtle brains schemes
The most seditious to disturb the peace
And sever the bond of social life and
Friendship's holy wreaths, which bound us North
and South.
Matured, some wily thought his bent brows raised.
Quick as a meteor's flash in night's dark sky,



A sudden flush of inward joy lit up
His scowling features. Then starting to his feet,
He paced, with nervous tread, the tapestry,
And rubbed his hands exultingly at some
Hellish plot his crafty mind conceived.
'Twas to kindle with incensive breath,
The igneous volcano of rebellion,
Smouldering in the breasts of freemen South :

For, the aim of all his life had been to earn
In their mad struggles, the short-lived glories
Of a puffed-up name, e'en tho' 'twere coupled
With foul and blasting infamy, likewise
His country's disgrace. 'Twas this false honor
Alone inspired his dark soul and made him,—
Hoping to attain his wished-for height—
Venal both to his constituents, and
Blushless at his own plans to embroil the States
In brutal, internecine conflict : for,
The fanatic's wily mind did well discern,
In the proud South, the darker shade of
Slav'ry, which to distort from features real was
The sole purpose of his crafty fancy.
There, upon his mental vision glittered,
From the Ethiopian's brow, a diamond black :
The dazzling prize so touched his covetous soul,
That down he knelt before his black idol ;
Crouched, spaniel-like, to kiss its feet ;
Turned up the white of his eyes to'ards heaven,
And implored the Lord on high to befriend

The poor, fat, dusky son of Africa,
Manacled with chains, which made his pierced
heart

Wail echoes the year round to their clanging sounds.

What sanctified disguise, base hypocrite !

What a feint delusive the hand of power

To grasp ! Was it not a mask most guileful

Through which you sought to gain your own bad
ends ?

For you could well dissemble and disguise

Your dangerous intents.

Thus, under pretence

Of human good and his country's honor,

The favorite side he joined, the people's votes

By subtle craft and subterfuge to win :

In stately halls shrieked freedom for the blacks,

To a gloomy, narrow-minded concourse

Of visionary bigots and fanatics :

Told how the slaves in servile chains lingered

Out a life far worse than death itself ; and how

Their cruel masters flayed them so, till, through
 Their lacerated flesh, their bones protruded.
 "We must rise," he said, "and overwhelm
 In one common ruin, these brute men ; must wrest
 The beastly chattels from the monsters ; and if
 Opposed by them in our incursions on
 Their soil, our heels, where'er they tread, ruins
 Ruthless marks must print whilst liberating
 From their cruel bonds, a disfranchised, abused,
 Unpitied race."

Such were the views he vented
 To his list'ning hosts, whose hearts he fired with
 Indignation keen against the slaveholder.
 Then him they sanctioned as their party choice ;
 Rose him with their fulsome breath and votes from
 Common life to an exalted station :
 For, on the tide of popular favor,
 Soon he floated into office, to rule
 And glitter like a meteor for an hour.

* * * * *

Meantime, in the haughty South, a demagogue
Urged, from the rostrum, in the slave mart,
Excited, discontented freemen,
To spurn all future refuge 'neath the "flag
Whose starry folds wrapt freedom in her grave."
His ambition burned in ruthless deeds ;
For his pride was that of glaring pomp, love
Of conquest, and of fame that might resound
Through vaulted skies, till times remote should
hand
His glories down in the historic page.
There, the weak mortal to true glory blind,
Stood venting forth the fervid emanations
Of his own proud, domineering soul, in
Gestures like the antics of an idiot,
To a crowd of lawless bullies, youths, and men,
Inciting them to raise the standard of
Revolt against their lawful government.
He said : the crisis called them to their duty ;
That if they would be freemen, they must leave
Their peaceful homes for high aims to attain,

By taking arms up in defense of State rights ;
 That their firesides and altars were endangered
 By a factious horde of galling bigots,
 Then installed in office, who would them govern
 With an iron rod, just as their ruthless wills
 Proposed : invade their sacred fields, ransack
 Their homes, and free, without law or price, their
 slaves.

Thus harangued the fire-eating scorpion
 With wrathful tongue unruly, soon he fired
 His listeners' minds and hearts with loud
 complaints
 Of tyranny. Tyranny ! in a land
 Where independence lifts her dauntless brow,
 And where freedom is Columbia's boast !

"If we had withered in the womb," he cried,
 "Or that when we were infants at the breast,
 Our mothers had, with deadly nightshade smear'd
 Their nipples o'er, and then had, with their milk

Thus impregnated with the bane of death,
 Suckled us to graves untimely, better
 It would have been, than for us now to smother
 In our freeborn hearts the chiding curse
 Of Northern foes, whose galling enmity
 Has, in the South, Liberty's bright sun dimm'd
 With Discord's blackest cloud.

“But, friends, I say,
 Let the infernal band of livid spectres
 Of despair once cross our path ; the horde of
 Hell-born snakes will in their warpèd skins
 Shrink dismayed before our might and strength :
 We'll our bright meads redden with their blood ;
 heap
 With their marrowless bones, the pageant death,
 On ev'ry Southern plain ; while, with shot, with
 Shell, and murd'ring knife, we shall their States
 invade :
 Ay, plant as many bayonets on their fields
 As there are blades of grass. Therefore, valiant

Be. Endure with fortitude the toils of
War. Be warriors all in conflict, nor let
One of you a coward turn ; but when you find
The dastard Yankee wounded, bleeding out
His craven spirit on the ground, permit
No soft, mawkish pity your tears to crave,
As the hardest heart will sometimes melt 'fore
Dying eyes, but let your own eyes at him roll
With fiery scorn. Let all your breath be charged
With Anger's poison ; and like a serpent
Hiss into his ears the venom'd bane ; you damn'd,
Sneaking, lily-livered Yankee, die ;
We no quarter show, no mercy have
For nigger-thieves ; then with your bayonets pin
Him to the ground."

Then, loud his maddened hosts,
With wild hurras, the demagogue applauded ;
Swore that they'd with fire and sword do deeds of
Ruthless stamp ; would pillage, burn, leave behind
Them death in every Yankee town ; and bear

Ensanguined trophies to their free-made homes ;
 Map out through fell havoc on rebellious soil,
 A nation of their own, for them to fix,
 Till doomsday came, a firmer yoke upon
 Their slaves.

* * * * *

Then soon the startling news on wings of lightning
 Flashed through ev'ry part of fair Columbia's land ;
 That, in the South, insurgents were, with bombs,
 Shelling freedom's starry ensign on
 Sumter's isolated fort, waving.

Retribution, thereupon, was promised
 By the North. Futile were all peace petitions
 To avert the strife ; as rage vindictive
 Was too blind for moral arbitration ;
 And yet both sides were base enough to call
 Upon high Heaven, in the clash to aid them.

Sounds of trumpet, drum, and shrilling fife were
 Heard through all the land, rousing men to arms,

Hurrying on the deadly conflict by
Parasites and cowards, both of North and South,
Who feared to stain their own right hands in
Human gore ; and from window, pole, and peak,
Waved the civic garland of our liberties,
Inspiring chivalrous men to furious fight.

Then songs and bloody hymns were sung by sons



Undaunted, as they thro' the madden'd nation
March'd straight on to the red fields of slaughter,
there

With dearest blood to fertilize the soil,
And earn, in righteous cause, a glorious name.
Soon war and rapine wild, both far and near, stalked
Madly o'er Virginia's soil. There, down in



The fertile valley of the Shenandoah,
Resounded loud red War's fierce rattle. There
Advancing hosts of bannered foemen met,
Emblazoned gay, in pride of fancy dress,
And charged each foremost line with musketry.
Alert, the rebels bold with desperate dash
Hurled, with all their ardor wild, their forces strong
Upon their Federal foes. Fiercely flashed
The red artillery. Swiftly shrieking shells



Burst in among the brave, and made their blood
In torrents flow. Then bayonets charged and
clashed

Against each glitt'ring blade. Horse and rider
Plunged into the fray, and swelled the mortal strife
Of battle hot : while Death, through sulph'rous
clouds

Of smoke, grinn'd and gloated as he eyed firm
Heroes, from their shattered lines and columns,
Fall and swell the slaughter ; and where the
maimed

Lay, here and there, upon the gory field,
Rending the air with fitful cries and groans,
Writhing, like wounded snakes, from horrid
tortures.

So, in full retreat and loose array, down
The hill the Federals wildly rushed, o'erwhelm'd ;
Rank and file, hard pressed by the rebels :
Through thickets dense, 'cross fertile fields and
vales,

Dismayed their broken columns flew, leaving
On that bloody field many comrades brave,
Who now sleep in their trench-dug sepulchres.
Yet, one among the federal bands, wounded
And faint from loss of blood, footsore, halted
At a gurgling brook, where he, all smeared with
His life-blood; stooped down ; and, in the hollow
Of his right hand, scoop'd drops of water few,
With which his burning thirst he quenched.

Then, from
The margin of the stream, he tried to raise himself,
Fearing, lest he there too tardy stayed, captured
He might be by some disloyal enemy .
Prowling rampant round those parts, in hot
pursuit
Of straggling and of ambushed foes : but irksome
Was the task. The sinews of his knees
Were void of strength. His tired limbs the burden
Of his body could not bear. A shudder
Shook his jaded frame : 'twas the harbinger

Of comfortless despair which soon darkened
His fevered brain ; for, ere long, his head grew
So giddy, that the verdant landscape seemed
Unto his blurred eyes, just like a green mist
Risen from the ground. Then, round and round,
his head
Reeled. Faint and sick at heart, he stag'ring
grasped,
With feeble hands, a willow twig dangling
Near him ; and with its friendly aid lower'd
Himself down upon the damp grass, resolved
To abide the ordeal of strengthless fate.

Then wrapping himself up in the standard
Which he through a hard campaign had borne :
happy
In the thought that should his eyes ne'er open
more
To view the morning's light, its starry folds
Would be, at least, his shroud obsequious.
So, weary, worn, all gnashed, exhausted, quite

Resigned, he let his weak frame throb and
struggle

'Gainst his parting life upon the humid ground,
Where outstretched full length he lay beneath
A spreading willow, whose pliant branches
Waved above, and soothingly fanned his face,
All gaunt and spectre-like : yet, though grim
His features were, and shaded with the hue of
Death, still, in their fine outlines remained
Traces symmetrical, showing that they had
Been in the fairest mould of beauty cast.

But his fevered mind soon somnolent became.
In dreamy mood he thought of the home he'd left
Behind him, and of his aged mother
Far away : he fancied he saw her smile ;
And with her arms outstretched in fullness of
Joy, ready to clasp to her fond bosom
Her soldier son. He, likewise, thought he heard
Her soft voice say, " Oh ! Athol dear, how glad
Am I to see that you have home returned

From the rebellious, frantic scheme, with none
But honored scars." Then, thoughtful, he smiled ;

but

'Twas only a sickly gleam of joy,
As pale and transient as a streak of sunlight
Breaking through a rain-cloud, which shone upon
His wan face : for soon the past joys of home
And friends, his ardent fancy had conjured,
Quickly vanished before his reason's strength,
And left his mind in dark, despondent gloom.
Then he wept ; for he keenly realized
The true condition of his hapless plight
And how fallacious was the hope, in such
A dying state, of ever sharing, with
His tender parent, her gladsome care again.

Ah, then, he knew no good Samaritan
Was nigh with balm to heal his wound ; nor did
He hear an angel's light foot fall upon
The ground, bringing an assauging draught to ease
His racking pains. No, he gave up his life

As lost, for each moment he heavier breathed,
And louder by spells, he groaned from his aches,
And also thought he heard the voice of death,
In the hollow moaning of the wind,
That fretful sighed around him : a fitful gust
Of which, just then, from off his temples smooth,
Detached some beaded drops of fevered sweat
Which clung like dew upon a lily's leaf
On his pale brow : one pellucid globule
Roll'd upon his half-closed eye-lash ; its gleam
His wand'ring mind, and vision dim, mistook
For the glitter of the vestal star twinkling
Through the willow's foliage above his head.

'Twas then twilight, yet no friendly succor
Came to his aid. Alone, the evening dew,
As 'twere, seemed to commiserate him, in
His hapless state, with tears compassionate
Shed on his languid form ; and when he saw
The light of day fast fading from his view,
Hope's bright beam flickered in his panting heart.

Still, he'd judge it folly to repine 'gainst
What Heaven ordained, as his conscience told
him

That man, soever good, and soldier brave,
Are sometimes in this checquered life destined
To suffer torturing ills, which often
Bring them, ere their lives have run the length of
The allotted span, down to early graves.

But it would, he thought, have been more
honorable

If fate, with her unerring hand, had hurled
Upon the field, rebellion's missile swift
Through his brain ; so that he could have fallen
'Mong many warring hosts unknown, but brave,
And mingled his with their courageous blood,
Than there, with feelings sore, linger and waste
Away by fever ; be flesh-conquered ; die
And rot : his body fill no hallowed vault
Nor soldier's grave, but lie exposed, where

Buzzards sought their prey : he shudder'd at the
thought,
And gasping, shrieked aloud, they soon would
Fly around his bier and riot on
His lifeless flesh.



CHAPTER III.

Reuben's Alarm at the Sound of Battle—Daisy's
Absence from the Cot—Men Return Home
with the Wounded Soldier.

UPON the balmy breeze of that same morning
Reuben, the peasant, from his smiling cot,
Heard the battle's horrid din resound,
And saw, afar, thick, sulphurous smoke dimly
Rear in black wreaths to'ards the glaring sun.
'Twas but an hour before the valley rang
With war's alarm, that in the morning ray, he
O'er his neat fields trod ; nor feared to meet
Friend or enemy of the warring bands.
Both were foes to him.

For when the roar of
Booming cannon echoed on his startled ear,

He thought that ere the evening came, he'd look
Upon his burning cot and wander round
A homeless man. But twilight came. Long since
The battle's warlike blasts had died away ;
And glad he was to find his fields were still
Adorned with waving grain.

But when he saw
His beloved child was not at home to cheer
Him with her pleasing smile, and bless him at
The evening board, a poignant pang went
straight
To his heart, that some mishap his daughter
Had befallen.

For no tidings of her had
Arrived, since, in the gleam of morning's sunshine,
Her father's cot she quit, to saunter through
Her native vale ; and blithe and jocund wind
Amid its green retreats ; joyously scent
The woodbine wild, and quaff the balmy air ;



And to let the zephyr of fragrant meads
Mellow in deeper tints her beamy face.

But as she gayly tripp'd with fawn-like steps,
Through green paths, observing with enraptured
eye,
The varied landscape o'er—her soul's delight—
And breathing sylvan sweets with spirits gay,

War's infernal gong through the surrounding hills,
Reverbrated loud and pierced her ears.
The dread shocks her heart's blood stagnated.

Fear

Forced its livid pallor o'er her roseate cheeks,
Which marred awhile the lustre of their bloom.
But the rose ne'er drooped. The shock was but
A passing gust, which chilled awhile her warm
blood,

As she soon revived and glowed again in
All her fullness of sweet budding charms.

Then curiosity's incentive power
Entered her timid heart, and allured her
To a hillock's rocky crest hard by, to view,
If possible, the spot contentious where
Warring discord waved his flaming brand ; where
Freemen's hands fraternal were in kindred gore
Being imbrued. For she, long hidden from
The busy world in her elysian home,
Knew not what misfortune's cloud o'ershadowed

Then her sunny plain and leafy bowers,
Wherein some sixteen joyous springs she'd past,
Unknown to woes and cank'ring tortures keen.

Thence far across the Shenandoah plain,
Looming o'er its richly-cultured fields,
She saw the smoke of battle curling rise
In clouds beneath the sun that fiery glared,
On her astonished sight, through a black'ning pall,
Which rose up from the scene of carnage. Wrapt
In amazement, she wondered at the sounds
The battle storm awoke, and why they roared
Unabated through the peaceful valley.

Ah! she little dreamt that then the reign of
Peace and order in the North and South had been
Overthrown; that 'twas the unhallowed work
Of bold, bad men, compelled to relinquish
Their high seats in senate halls; and others
Who long nursed in hot-beds of human fraud
And folly, had nearly all their life-long lives

Devoted their time and talents to grasp
The nation's spoils and tamper with its laws ;
That Columbia's realms, once free to all
Mankind in language, conscience, creed—domains
Extending from New Hampshire's snow-capped
cliffs,

As far as California's golden shores,
Wherein blest content, prosperity, and
Holiest liberty all fraternal dwelt,
Were then ruled by usurpation's edicts,
More galling to a people free than any
Arrogant ukase of a tyrant proud,
Who trembles night and day upon his throne.

At length the din of battle paused upon
Her ears. Twilight shadows round her gathered ;
And setting sun-beams faintly gleamed upon
A rolling cloud, whose ruffled crest, bright plumed
With crimson tints, passed o'er her. Thus
forewarned
Of night approaching the shadowy rock,

On which she sat, up she quickly rose, and
Down through the hillside's winding paths she ran
Towards the cot.

Scarce had she neared a glade,
Ere she heard, upon the evening wind, screams
Of woe. Bewildered quite, she quickly turned
Around and gazed about, above, below ;
Peeped through the murky glare of eve, but
nothing
Saw of life. Then she wondered whence the sound
Arose, and what it could have been : listen'd
Like a hare startled by game-dogs on the scent :
Still, all was silent round, save the rustling
Of leaves, the barking of tree-toads, whimp'ring
Of bats, and the incessant buzz of insects,
Holding their nocturnal jubilees.

So, she fancied that the wail she heard was
Perhaps a catbird's woful mew, and hasten'd
On again along her woodland way. But ere

Her nimble feet had measured paces few,
The groan again, more agonizing still,
Burst on her ears. Appalled at the sound, she
shrank,

Like the tendrils of a fragile flower
In a chill autumnal gust of wind, still.
Soon her doubting fears were gone ; as, she knew
Full well that such a sad lament could only
From a human soul distressed issue.

Then, soon,
Compassion moved her. Through a willow copse
She hied, slow pacing cautiously, and reached
The margin of the stream where lay half dead,
The wounded soldier. Soon the tender fair one
Tremblingly bent o'er him and closely scann'd
Him with her pity-gleaming eyes. She saw
The light of life still flickered in his heart ;
But wav'ring on the balance side of death
Whose shadow glimly danced upon his features,
Which in their livid aspect seemed to her

So beautiful, so mild. Then, with mute surprise,
She viewed his anguished mien, and wound all
bare :

And dropt in cleansing tears, the limpid chlorine
Of her soul, upon his bleeding scar.

A transitory smart he felt. He muttered
"Oh!" and casting up his glassy eyes, he saw,
Low bending o'er him, so grateful in the gloom,
And all compassionate, the maiden fair in
White robe meekly clad.

"O Heavenly Father!

What angel from thy throne of glory hath
Fled, to chant the sad requiem o'er my cold clay?"
He cried. "One whom a ruling Providence
Hath hither sent, the friendless to befriend,
The helpless to save," she cried : saying which,
She brushed the matted locks back from his
brow.

Then, she from her side a napkin took,
Saturated o'er with dew, and with it laved

His pallid brow ; his parched lips moistened ;
plucked

A plantain leaf which on the streamlet's margin
Grew, and with its cooling texture improvised
A bandage for his wound ; then tied it with
A ringlet of her auburn hair.

Meanwhile,

She made his prospects of recovery bright ;
Told him, that not far from thence safe, nestled
In a grove, he would within her father's cot
A refuge find. This cheering hope his soul
Elated. Forthwith his glad heart urged his hand
To be extended to the gentle maid.
She took it kindly in her own and raised,
With all the strength her fragile structure had,
Him from the blood-stained ground. Faltering,
He leaned his right arm on her shoulder. Halting
At alternate steps to breathe. Well she bore
The burden of his weight, without a murmur,
With maidenly resolution all the way

Thro' thicket paths, 'cross glades ; guided only
By the light which faintly glimmer'd from the cot.

Then, soon before its wicket gate they stood.
Quick the maiden pushed it open ; as quick
Upon its thongs elastic back it swung,
And grated harshly on the latch. The pointer
Barked and quickly scented the stranger ; while
The father to his feet started up, grasped
His gun, and to the door ran just as she knocked.
The gentle tap he knew came from his daughter.
Quick the door flew back, creaking on its hinges,
Upon the threshold stood the anxious father,
With extended arms to clasp his daughter ;
But back a pace he bounded, as his eyes
In started sockets stared upon his child,
All fagged, all faint, with the feeble soldier.

Soon the mute appeal of Athol's wound went
To the parents' hearts. Warm commiseration
Thawed from out their breasts the icy chill of fear,

As they soon placed him on a mattress near
Some hick'ry faggots blazing, a helpless,
But a welcome guest beneath their roof.

O'er

His prostrate form they hung in speechless trance,
And gazed in artless grief upon the gash
A bayonet's point had in his right arm
Punctured. Quickly, from the orifice of
The ugly scar, the mother cleansed with
Water warm, the fetid pulse that flowed ;
Then, with a linen bandage, moisten'd o'er
With arnica, the wound she neatly bound
Within its styptic folds, and left it so ;
To nature's healing care and time for due
amendment.

This done, the daughter from her mother's
hand—

The one nearest her sympathetic heart—
Took a strength'ning draught ; a potent febrifuge
And charmed carminative it was, most



Happily blended, and gave it to him
In doses small, but oft.

In due time, it soothed
His fevered brain, allayed his burning thirst,
Stopped his stifled moans of anguish ; and caused
In the accelerated current of
His blood, health, that had in his faint nature
Dormant lain, to mount up to his bloodless cheeks,
And flush them with returning vigor's hue.

Then the bland and soothing influence of
Sleep crept into his wakeful mind ; and deep
From the living world his thoughts immersed in
Her somniferous dews.

Thus, in soft composure
Wrapt, the parents, as they to their rest retired,
Prayed that Athol's future hardships might be
Few ; and bade their willing daughter keep
Her midnight vigil near his couch ; raise,
When the fond task required, his wounded arm ;
To prop his drooping head upon the pillow ;
And wait upon her suffering friend as
For a loving brother's pains.

CHAPTER IV.

Athol tells the Cottagers the Story of his Life—
His Convalescence and his Love of Daisy.

At early dawn the wounded Federal,
Much improved in health and quite refreshed in
Spirits from his night's repose, awoke ; and glad
Was he to find himself so near kind friends.
Especially his frail rescuer, who
Then stooped o'er him, with helping hands and
 raised
Him on his pallet soft. He knew no balsam
For his pains and aches more sanative than
The soothing office in which she was
Engaged, and thanked her for the kind attention
She had rendered. Daisy curtsyed low and
said :

That both her mother dear and father had
Taught her, long since, the divine injunction,
"To do good to others forget not ;"
And never, when want and suffering implored
Her kind assistance, to withhold relief.

As the impressive tones on Athol's ears
Fell from her lips, his head reclined, entranced
With dreamy thought, which Daisy soon observed :
But she knew not what was passing through his
mind,
Nor why hope's inward beam his count'nance
brighten'd ;
For her gladsome gaze was too intently
Fixed upon his handsome face, admiring
The graceful contour of its features, which,
In his pride of youth, show'd her that scarce had
Twenty summers' blooms their roseate honors
shed
Upon his head.

Then God's voice persuaded
Him to prayer ; and, in a benediction
Which he gave, he prayed that Heav'n kind would
watch

The generous streams which flowed so purely
In their hearts, from being corrupted by
Misfortune's turgid dregs.

Meantime, all the folks
With Athol's modest mien enraptured felt ;
Yet wondered why a youth so devout of heart
Was in soldier's garb bedeck'd. But they soon
Dispelled the doubt which then their minds
engross'd ;
For they saw, in his ingenuous looks,
Bland and affable deportment, it was
Easy to address him on the subject
Of his life and ventures. So them he soon
Enlighten'd ; closely they gather'd round him,
And with mute attention drank his accents
As he spoke.

He first, with measured terms,
 Denounced the political fomenters of
 The North and South : told how they had incited
 The rebellion, and brought the country, then, to
 such

A pass with their mad schemes for fame and pelf :
 Related, from the day his patriot heart
 First burned with martial fire to do battle
 For his country, the warlike incidents of
 His soldier life : told how high his feelings
 Ran, unbiass'd by sect or party, with love
 Of duty to the cause of Union, right
 Or wrong ; that, being one of the first aroused,
 He joined a gallant legion of the North,
 One thousand strong, all fine picked men, and
 march'd

Unflinching to the strife, to overpower
 The rebel chief's deluded myrmidons ;
 To curb the proud, defiant spirit of
 The would-be king, who, in his haughty pride,
 Wish'd to sit enthroned amid his slaves ; but that

The North had so far baffled his ambition :
That his Confed'raçy was but parchment,
Which would, ere long, be all ablaze and scatter'd
To the four winds of earth in charred tinder :
And that the arch-traitor would himself, like
A rabid dog, be driven in a hole
Obscure, and kept there till remorse and grief
Devour'd him, for the murd'rous butcheries
He had caused, the widows and the orphans
He had made.

Athol, then, recounted o'er
What risks and dangers he had undergone ;
How oft they'd met the foe, and routed him
Through woods, down dales, 'cross floods, and
over
Ridges blue of Virginia ; till, elated
By so much success, they one day, while
Pushing their course on thro' the Shenandoah,
Were met by the enemy reinforced
With many battalions strong ; and in which

Encounter, for the first time, the hot tide
Of battle turn'd against them : then described
How they stood the shock of kindred hosts, during
Full six hours its seething lava rolled.

“Yet,” he cried, “altho’ the North-men brave fell
Fast and thick around us, still we felt embolden’d
By our other deeds triumphant, that we’d gain
The fight ; but the unequal prowess
Of intrepid Jackson on our right,
Turned the fortunes of the day against us ;
And thousands now of our brave boys lie
Stiff and black upon that bloody field.
Terror-stricken, the remnant of our corps,
Then fled, pell-mell, in all directions ;
And I likewise, wounded as you see, took flight.
But, it seemed that I, alas ! was doomed to meet
A fate worse than that which I had then escaped :
To fall upon the road and die, a prey
To craving hunger, thirst, and loss of blood.
But your noble daughter—God bless her—chanced
To hear my groans ; came where I dying lay ;

And, touched with pity at my hurts, my moans,
 And aggravated feverish fits, minister'd,
 With her cheering voice, sweet consolation
 To me, just as I of hope was nigh bereft.
 Then, all gentleness and patient meekness,
 Here my guiding angel brought me.

Then as

Athol panting heavily, paused to gain his breath,
 The daughter, in the meantime, thought it strange
 He'd left his home, his friends and kindred, and
 asked
 Him, with tones persuasive, if his mother
 Had not bade him stay at home to comfort her
 Rather than to risk his life in battle.

“She did and said : ‘Dear Athol, be not rash,
 You're too young yet to cope with stalwart men
 Inured to camp life, whose trade it is to spill
 Their fellow mortals' blood, when passions rife
 Contending, bid them strike each other with

Vile implements of death. Why, then, do you,
Athol, so young and innocent, desire to swell
These hordes of harden'd men, perchance
To make your mother a childless parent,
For her with tears maternal to bewail
In agèd widowhood, your dear loss, when
Here at home, you've health, rest, and ev'ry com-
fort.' "

Then, the emotions strong in Athol's heart,
Forced, from its clear springs, feeling tears to gush
Into his eyes. A nervous tremor shook
His frame. He back, exhausted, on his pallet fell,
Quite overcome, and wept in his despair,
That p'rhaps, he'd ne'er again, upon this earth, see
His fond parent more.

Touched at such a sight,
Tears warm and sympathetic glistened in
The 'old folks' eyes. His grief their daughter's
bosom

With compassion moved. Soon at his side,
His tender friend to pain stooped near him ; and,
With her sweet condoling breath, she whispered
In his ear, the sovereign balm of hope, to heal
His lacerated heart. He heard her voice, looked
Up, and saw the cherub bending o'er him.
Soon the cheering soul-light of her eyes absorb'd
The grieving streams which coursed his anguish'd
cheeks,



And lighten'd up his abject mind. From the
Earliest to the latest hour the dear fond girl
Her friend's kind wishes blest. He tasted in
The soothing draughts she gave, her mingled sweets
Of soul, and drank affection, full of hope,
In every drop that 'suaged his pains.

So, as
Time roll'd on, Athol's frame evinced contempt
Of death ; and, ere a month elapsed, the tide of
Life, full high, in the crooked channels of his veins,
Return'd its purple flood. Restored at last,
He from his ailing couch arose, renewed
In lease of days and years, quite sound in health,
In spirits buoyant ; but with a sensation
In his heart unfelt ere he became thus
Convalescent. A sacred charm it was ;
Supremely divine ; so soul entrancing ;
But quite mysterious in its strange effects
Thro' all his being : but especially,
Did young Athol, when his benefactress

Stood, so kind, so fair and pure before him,
With her brow serene as the effulgent moon
Beaming down thro' Heaven's blue dome, keenly
Feel, in his warm heart, that inward pleasure.

Was it the grateful services, which in
His hours of sickness, her gentle hand had
Render'd? that which, day after day, he blest?
The one, which from the cold damp ground, had
 raised
His drooping head and bound with fingers fair
His wound? which smoothed his pillow? which
 prescribed,
In that propitious hour, the remedy
Whose potent agency within his frame,
Made his soul feel loath to leave its feeble house
Of clay, that caused the glow within his breast?

Was it her graceful form and beauty rare?
Her dulcet voice that softly syllabled
Sweet Bible stories, and sang in accents

Toned divinely, choice psalmody, which had
In Athol's hours of fevered sleeplessness lull'd
His throbbing brain to rest ? or was it the power
Of Daisy's pity, that in Athol's heart,
Had softly struck the mute accord of
Sympathy divine ?

Such, in truth, it was ;

For the compassion of his cherubim had
In his heart enkindled the pure flame of
Love : for gratitude begets love ; and when both
Are happily in women's heart combined,
What panacea so potent to remove
The anguish'd bosom's pain, to raise the head
weigh'd
Down with cares, and solace give unto life's woes ?

Athol, then, the more he saw the maid, became
Enamored with her sprightly comeliness ;
With her spirit beneficent, and with
The beam celestial which sparkled brightly

In the light blue eyes of Daisy : for he saw
The beam of truth in her heart illumed
Her cheeks with virtue's flame. In her presence
He would quite forget his past disaster,
And seldom thought that he had peril'd death
Upon the field of slaughter, so overjoyed
Was he, that he felt he could in seas of
Carnage wade, aye, a thousand dangers brave,
To pin so fair a jewel to his heart,
And keep the precious treasure there for life.

So, thus, while the maid in Athol's bosom
Was the only bliss ; the only vision that
Beguiled his mind ; the sole angel who came
To cheer him in death's dread hour : his treasure
Rarest that moved his bosom with the throb
Of fond affection. Daisy, herself, felt swayed
By some resistless influence in his soul.
'Twas the same power which she'd infused in his
heart,
That in her own rebounded, and there found

Its sweet abiding place ; strange affinity
 That tied their two souls with dearest amity :
 For the more he amended, the more she droop'd.
 Alternate gay and pensive were her looks.
 Her languishing mien evinced her heart was
 Fraught with love, which Athol saw and heard
 breathe

In her tender sighs ; and knew her condolment
 Was the purest emblem of a constant mind ;
 That her modest sweetness showed her virgin
 soul :

And that, although her tongue was then too coy
 To breathe the tender vow, yet her silence
 Was but the dumb rhetoric of her heart,
 More eloquent of love than her sweet tones could
 lisp.

His fond gaze likewise made her looks obey
 Her passion's impulse, burning in her heart,
 So fervently ; as it summoned the blush,
 Which her chaste bosom wore, to carminate,
 As like a peach's rind, her modest cheeks.

'Twas thus that her affection for Athol
Her affliction became ; for, when he had
Recovered to that normal state which makes
Health laugh at death, she leaner grew, and
proved,
By her pallor and sigh spontaneous,
The hidden pow'r which he exerted o'er her.
To him, in short, a thousand nameless actions,
Spoke the evidence of a tender wound
In her breast. Thus did the dominant passion
That sways the world entire, enchain the hearts
Of both the rescued and the rescuer.



CHAPTER V.

The Lovers—The Vow—The Adieu—The Storm—
The Guerillas—The Altercation.

ONE bright morn as the lovers near the cot
Breathed forth their vows, Athol, in his own, took
Daisy's hand, and pressed it tenderly ; drew

Her to his breast and sigh'd within her ear
The ardent nature of his love. Pallid
Spread her rosy cheeks. She trembled, and 'gainst
Her restraint, hung down her head in silence.
Athol, whose heart was full, stood mute awhile.
He scarce knew what to say, and deeply sigh'd :
But dared at length his passion to reveal.
He told her that he much admired her from
The time her eyes first on him gazed, and that
He then adored her fondly, so much so,
A king his bliss might envy ; that, if she were
His own, a soldier's and a lover's soul
She'd crown ; that when his term of service ended,
He'd hail her as his future bride ; united, .
Blest with her, in bitter winds of winter,
And in snow's incessant fall, in ev'ry
Vernal hour he'd with her live forever,
Her heart's true partner.

Now, what a shock was
That to one whose bosom was susceptible

And tender; soon her head reclined all
Pensive, which betrayed that something undefined
Was working in her mind. Some affliction
That spoke her sadden'd thoughts, tho' mute her
voice.

In that still mood, she seem'd so like a bird
Allured, pent up in a cage with her captor
Near her, enamored, patiently gazing,
And awaiting its dulcet strains to hear.
As he then did the sanction of her smile.
So, in brief time, from his panting heart, she
Raised her drooping head, and with her face
Upraised, threw her radiant eyes, bedimm'd with
tears,
Full on his own.

She told him that 'twere worse
Than death from him to part; that a prey she'd
Be to separation's pain and sorrow;
That none could comfort her but him; then said:
"Alas! when thou art gone, foul darkness will

Be seen where once thy lightsome footstep shone.”
Then she hinted fears that, he now being well,
Would forever leave her in affliction,
And bade him, strenuously, to stay with her,
Where peace and undivided love reposed.

But when Athol heard her fear-fraught words, he
Swore he'd never from his plighted faith depart :
That sacred was his word : his mind too pure
And high : his heart too merciful and just ;
In short, an honorable youth he was,
And loath'd the very name of infamy :
That naught within the wide world' could seduce
Him from her, from truth, nor rectitude. •
Then he told her that, although he'd suffer'd
From an outward wound—a bloody gash, that
He then suffer'd from an inward pang,
A heart-bruise deep, which naught could heal save
but
Its kind :—“ the tyrant god which thro' the world

Roams free, and robs its victims of their peace
And liberty.”

Then Daisy looking up
With aspect mild, all inexpressive grace,
Her countenance beaming with approving smiles,
Which showed that Athol had with tones un-
daunted
Sued her not in vain, gladly promised
To commit her hand forever to his trust.
Athol then upon the head of his betrothed
Called Heaven's blessings down, and sealed his faith
With kisses on her dimpling cheek ; gave her
From vest pocket, his own portrait color'd,
Which she kissed with ardor sweet, and said; “ah!
Thy much-loved image, Athol, in my heart shall
Be enshrined, by friendship guarded until
Life is gone, as I feel assured thou hast
Indeed an upright heart, a fervent soul,
And temper gen'rous—jewels which fame nor
Gold can buy.”

So, when the sullen clouds of doubt
Flit from her mind, hope's bright sunshine Daisy's
thoughts

Illumined and stamped its vignette bloom upon
Her cheeks. With unmixed ardor in her heart
She hailed the joyous day when hand in hand
Together she would with her Athol walk
On sunny paths, and rove in vernal meads,
Where birds and bees and flowers the light obey,
And to their happy sights their silken plumes
Disclose. For, then, no frowning clouds she
thought

Were in the sky, ominous of fortune's wrath,
Would cause a tear of agony to start from
Out her gladsome bosom ; that no lightning
Would flash and strike the bliss from out their
barque

Of hope, while tossing to and fro on life's
Tempestuous billow.

'Twas then the noontide hour.

The fluid gold of light down from its throne
Of blue began to sickly gleam upon
The mountain's slope, as Athol stood prepared
Upon the cottage steps to take his leave.
In tearful eyes, the old folks held him by
The hands ; and much regretted that they were,
So soon, deprived of their companion—



Their dear daughter's choice,—and welcomed him
again,

If saved while warring with his brethren 'gainst
Traitors armed in his own country of birth.
Told him, too, that if he'd fall defending
His dear native land, they'd bless his name ; but
Hoped that God would spare him.

Then Daisy flung

Her arms around his neck, and clinging to him
Prayed, as on he moved to go, that for the love
Of God and her he'd soon again return.
But, while Athol on the door-step stood wiping
From his humid eyes, the parting tear, he saw
The sunbeam from the casement faded fast,
And heard afar deep-noised rumbling thunder ;
Saw the distant light grow faint and sombre ;
And, hov'ring in the west, that thick, dark clouds
Announced a hostile sky ; that a storm was
Gathering. Still his ardor was undaunted :
He cared not for the thunder's angry voice,

But wish'd to hasten thither on his journey,
To report at Washington for duty.

But just as he pronounced the farewell word
"Adieu," unusual darkness o'er the face
Of nature spread. A vivid flash lit up
The gloom. On through the immeasurable void



Of air, the war of elements roared and made
The welkin ring tremendously.—A flash—
A rattle,—down burst clouds of drenching rain.—
Fiercely howled the wind among the trees ; they
groan'd—

Strained heavily and rustled off their leafy pride :
But a gust still more powerful wrenched from
Its roots an agèd oak which grew hard by.
The crash, the old man startled to his feet.
Quickly he ran to the window to see
The damage done, when in a glaring sheet
Of vivid lightning which just then illumed
The dark profound, his quick eye saw, along
The hillside, a troop of mounted horsemen
All drenched unto the skin, slowly wending
Their way onward to'ards the cot.

Foremost in

The van, a stately creature tower'd, bedecked
Full proud in coat of grey all button'd up
But somewhat faded ; for, its nap appeared



As if it had seen many dreary seasons.
Armed he was from the saddle to his teeth
With revolvers three, a sabre, carbine,
And a dirk, showing what a monster of
War and human blood was he ; and the eye
That fiercely rolled beneath the knitted brow
Of this rough type of man, plainly showed
He was both bloody and remorseless
At his trade. His nag, likewise, looked mean,
 spare,
Not half fed ; and its hide and harness was
With mud and grease and lather much befouled.

 Soon at the cottage door the guerilla
Pranced his jaded steed, and deigned to knock.

 The noise
Of such a rap unusual startled all
The inmates to their feet at once. Quickly
The daughter to the door hasten'd, and with
A curt'sy low and smile serene, welcomed
From the fitful wind and rain, the stranger.

The inmates all, save Athol, looked amazed
Upon his gaudy form, from the knee-top boots
He wore, to his slouch hat by tassel girt.
Then soon, kind Reuben's liberal hand took
By the reins, the fellow's neighing palfrey,
And tied it to a hickory post close by.
As kindly, the matron spread before him
A meal, of which he heartily ate, eyeing,
In the meanwhile, the federal youth disguised,
Whom he pierced, as 'twere intuitively.

So, when the chief his appetite appeased,
He hit upon a theme to drag to light
The truth he thought in Athol lay concealed.
"Kind friends of peace," he said, "I humbly thank
You. May your happy lives, unsullied
Flow down the stream of time, free from care and
pain.
May good health your daily walks attend,
And cheerfulness sit smiling on your brows."
At this, all but Athol him their thanks return'd.

"Think not, my friends," he said, "that I speak
 In this vein to curry favor. No, I'm
 Quite averse to flatt'ry, yet ne'er displeasè ;
 And have a soul too dignified to kneel
 And servile bend for selfish motives. These
 My unobtrusive nature never has ;
 For, truth I admire undisguisèd, and scorn
 Concealment." (Fixing his eyes on Athol.)
 "Honest ambition is my only pride,
 Which I hope to mark along with other
 Valiant heroes, firm, proud, and defiant,
 Who've joined the cause of right 'gainst usurp'd
 might,
 Contesting every inch of Southern soil
 Against the pilf'ring Yankees : those minions
 Of that perjured hypocrite who now sits
 Upon his abolition throne, awing
 The vulgar North to his way of thought, while,
 We of the South brand him with contempt and
 hate,
 And spurn his mean authority. Tisn't

The nature of the Southern heart to crouch
Before a tyrant. What! the pride and valor
Of the chivalry cringe to an uncouth
Abolitionist. What humiliation!
All of us would rather see the fruitful South
One vast wilderness. Aye, e'en suffer death,
Extermination first, before we'd stoop
To his yoke. No, the people South are bound
As one huge bulwark of strength to defend
Themselves to the last man against his sway;
Till freedom's banner, the stars and bars, shall
Wave triumphantly o'er every State in
The Confed'racy."

Then Athol to his feet
Arose and cast upon the rebel braggart
A contemptuous sneer, and said with warmth:
" Sir,
The honor'd President elect whom you've
Deprecated vilely, is one of
The greatest men of modern times. Fate, once in

A thousand years, scarce gives us such a man.
 The mental calibre that he's got
 Rarely springs from out the dross of earth, to show
 The world Heaven's model of a statesman.
 With such a giant intellect possess'd,
 He'd rise in any sphere of life and shine ;
 As the aids which humbler minds require he
 scorns.

Being a ripe scholar, a sage, and wit, but
 No pedant ; no display he makes of what
 His mind contains. He's too retiring, meek,
 Timid, and, I may say, bashful, to parade
 His learning. Such modesty feeble minds
 May despise ; but it shows *his* profound sense,
 And proves he has a cultivated mind.
 Nor pomp of speech has he, the ignorant
 To dazzle, the weak dismay : his words are
 In the simplest garb arrayed, and full of
 Thoughts pregnant with truth and wisdom.
 Yet, sometimes, I'll admit, that when he feels
 In playful humor and an auspicious chance

Prompts its display, he'll tell a good joke ;
But, otherwise, he's a man of feeling ;
His heart is full of pity for his kind ;
So tender at times that his sympathies
Towards the human race are so great, they cause
His bosom pain ; and what you call tyranny,
Is nothing more than his firmness with which
He guides the Senate and rules the States. In
short,"

Continued Athol, "his name is cherished
In ev'ry loyal heart, who, at his voice
Commanding them, pour out their blood and
treasure

In streams abundant, with which triumphant yet
He'd crush the lawless spirits now rampant
In the trait'rous South ; and I, as one, have,
At the just call of his great mind, resigned
Both health and ease, and will lay down my life
Itself an hostage on the bloody field,
To disenthral the enslaved, and liberate
The free from the fangs of your cruel chief,

Who, both white and black, now holds in
bondage,
Ruling and ruining them remorselessly."

Indignant wrath then burned in Athol's blood.
He dared, scoffingly, his manly spirit
To unfold, and, unrestrained, continued :
"But we'll yet lower the lofty pride of
That pusillanimous puke, and drive him
To the verge of hell, where fiery dragons
Him will sting to death, ere his guilty soul
Falls in the flames, to writhe in tortures there
Forever with the damn'd, for urging, with
His barb'rous will, millions to fell slaughter."

This roiled the rebel's temper. He, angry,
Made with his clench'd fist a thrust at Athol,
Who dext'rously warded off the blow ;
Then to the door ran, with mouth all foaming
With rage, and shouted to his armed band,
"Foes—

Enemy—hither hasten—quick.” Soon they
The house surrounded, hooted, halloo’d, rushed
Through the door, and like hungry tigers, pounc’d
Quite furious on their prey.

Then all within

The cot was dire confusion. Bitterly
The mother and the daughter wailed. Morose,
The guerilla chief jerked the old man up
Off his knees, and “villain, traitor,” term’d him.
While with abject mien and supplication low,
Reuben tried to melt the chieftain’s callous heart,
And bade him listen ere he claim’d him : raised
His eyes up heav’nward, and told him he was
Innocent : implored his freedom to restore.
While, meantime, Daisy wrung her hands with
anguish :
In mercy lifted up her voice on high :
Bent her knees, and murmuring, bade him spare
Her father’s hoary head : to be merciful
And just for the sake of her dear mother,

Stricken down with age, who, if of her spouse
Bereft, wouldn't live to see the morrow's light,
As God would call her from life's checquered
scenes.

“Thou hast the power to wound or heal, to blight
Or bless :” but all was dead and still about
The chieftain's heart—too callous and to all
The finer feelings cold. Nor even could



The nervous tremor of her hands, that clasp'd
His knees, vibrate soft pity to his heart.
Nor her sighs, nor tears, nor accents tender,
Nor e'en the melting sweetness of her eyes,
Nor their fascinating gaze, from which the heart
Of one less hard would sure destruction found.
All her pleadings were, alas! in vain ; as
The bold ruffians, in the remnant of the storm,
Quickly bore their captives from the vale, and
thrust
Them in a loathsome dungeon South.



CHAPTER VI.

The Affliction of Daisy—The Death of both her
Parents.

Down beside her senseless mother Daisy
Knelt, and loudly called to Heaven for justice ;
Pour'd forth in fervent pray'r that mercy yet
Divine might smooth the captives' way—vain hope.

Bitterly, all that long and dreary night,
She wept her father's and her lover's hapless fates ;
And when the next day serenely dawn'd,
It brought unto her mind no smiling light,
For, joyless all the live-long day, she thought
Of them o'erwhelm'd by tyranny :
Knelt, with her heart o'ercharged with woe, and
 pray'd
The right'ous soon would triumph o'er and sink,
To fathomless depths, their stern oppressors down ;
Hop'd that they'd by divine vengeance be pursued ;
That the wrath of Heaven would upon them
Hurl its thunderbolts and doom their overthrow ;
Wish'd her aged father would again be
Free as the rolling cloud, enjoying once more
The blessings of liberty ; and that the wind
From heaven, unconfined, would soon play round
Her lover's brow, to dare again the foe,
Till vict'ry crown'd his arms, and conquest, with
Renown, his freedom brought. For she knew her
Athol's noble heart was far too valiant

To shrink from treason-tainted foes ; aye scorn'd
 At danger ; could hear taunts and wear his chains
 In fetter'd realms like a Christian martyr.

But such hopes her mother's mind relief denied :
 Soon reason fled her fever'd brain ; for when
 By her injurious foes borne down, faint she
 Lay outstretch'd, pale nigh breathless, upon
 A bed of anguish.

Many nights Daisy

Watch'd with glistening eye around her couch ;
 And heard, in her mother's stifling moans, death,
 In fullness of glee, with bony hands twang'd
 At her heart-strings, the solemn tones which tell
 Where the broken in spirit shall go. Yes,
 The tale is told : hopeless of recovery
 Was her state ; for soon her weaken'd lungs closed
 Their spongy cells against the air of life.
 A sigh, a gasp, a rattle in her throat :
 Her fitful struggles ceased, and all was still.

Her spirit fled its earthly confinement,
And soared far beyond life's narrow bounds.

If ever innocence knew distress 'twas when
Daisy, bending o'er her dying parent,
Heard her last breath, and felt her heart was reft
Of life's warm beat. In her deep despair she
Trembling knelt beside her deceased mother ;
And from her weeping eyes she pour'd upon
Her cold remains many fond, filial tears.
Then she raised her sorrowing head on high,
And cried aloud : "To thee, Great God above, let
My imploring voice ascend. O Lord of
Mercy ! hear my prayer. Thou hast the power
To raise or quell the storm. The struggling worm
Thou canst protect. Then, O Lord of Hosts !
deign
To dispel the black'ning gloom which now
o'ershades
The future of a helpless orphan just
Deprived of fond maternal care. Her voice

That once impressed celestial precepts on
 My heart, is hush'd in death. Nor does my father
 Hear his suppliant child beseeching Thy
 Benign protection : for, far from me, alas !
 He has been cruelly torn, and futile have,
 I fear, his claims for mercy been ; unfelt
 On apathetic hearts his pleading soft :
 Still hearing naught but insults vile, has sank
 Beneath oppression's weight ; and p'rhaps his
 soul
 Has from its earthly cell been disencumber'd,
 And upward wing'd its way to heaven for peace,
 Leaving me an orphan here forlorn, the sole
 Survivor of the wreck."

Too true, alas !

Was her prediction : for, unhappily,
 In mouldy dungeon vilely smear'd with
 Damps infectious, her father, hopeless, sleepless,
 Many midnight hours, quickly pined beneath
 His darksome prison roof ; and while he droop'd

And lonely breath'd, despairing of each daylight's
dawn,

He thought that safe, secure, tho' far away,
All whom he loved remain'd in sunshine bright.

He saw his white-washed cot, and the tall trees
Which rose above it proudly, tinted with
The beam. Heard the gurgling brook meand'ring



Past ; and fancied, in its twirling eddies,
 That he saw the trout disport : his daughter,
 Too, quite fair ; serene as mild mid-noon in
 Mayday, sitting on its green bank twining
 A wreath of flow'rets gay with which to crown
 Her lover's honored brow, in token of
 The laurel he might wear.

But yet, he knew,
 The Fed'ral then with circling arms did not
 Her slender bosom twine, as, like himself, he pined
 In dungeon deep, in sad captivity,
 Inly mourning the loss of her whom his soul
 Loved best on earth.

Then forebodings sad soon
 Banish'd from his mind the remember'd joys
 That thronged upon his soul. He feared and wept
 To think that both his wife and child suffer'd :
 Yet still at intervals he felt consolement
 In the thought that they unshared his woes.
 Hoped

And prayed that no dire ills hung o'er their heads,
And that his wife and lovely daughter solely
Mourn'd his loss of fondness. This 'twas that
cheer'd

Him ; for a degree of bliss he felt in

His heart that he might see them soon again.

'Twas but a mock'ry of joy, as forced was

The glow ; ghastly the smile ; his haggard cheeks



And hollow eyes that hope destroyed. For, fast
He sank : and, on the self-same night his wife's
Christian spirit fled into eternity,
Death freed Reuben from his clanking chains.



CHAPTER VII.

The Funeral of Daisy's Mother—The Strange Visitor.

THE decease of Daisy's mother caused among
The neighbors of the vale a holiday
Of grief. Promptly, the solemn call of death
Brought them to the cot where they found Daisy,
With a heavy load in her once lightsome heart,
Sadly bending her lithe form gently o'er
The unconscious relic of her parent.

As she her drooping head raised up to greet
Them, they saw how changed was the gay flower,
How withered in its charms ; how doleful, too,
Was her low voice that once rang through the
meads
As cheer'ly as the morning bird's : whilst she,
With tearful eyes, the tale to them rehearsed

How of father, mother, lover, robbed by
A band of ruthless foes, who scorned to listen
To her voice that sued for mercy, but mock'd
Her heart so rent and sorely vexed with their
Injustice.

Some with their indignant tongues
Branded them with the foul names of scoundrel,
Churls, and tyrants cruel ; whilst others 'mong
The band of mourners who had their feelings
Touched, unrestrainedly, their sister streams
Of pity commingled with those of Daisy.

Then, as with one voice, they all together
Offered her sweet friendship's palm to solace
The repining sorrow that preyed upon
Her heart.

She sigh'd and thank'd them as they all
Around her mother's bier in solemn pray'r
Familiar knelt : and when the funeral rite,

Impromptued from the lips of a rough peasant,
Was ended, silently and slow the corpse
Was borne along a wild landscape and laid,
Down in its narrow bed, dug in a mound
Which nature made.

There, at her mother's shrine,
'Neath a cypress, whose sombre branches waved
With sympathetic sorrow o'er the rude slab
Which mark'd her earthly resting place, Daisy,
In the evening starlight, many a silent hour
Would sit and watch the clouds of autumn roll,
And tell to the passing winds in broken sighs,
The death of father, mother, and the loss
Of love and friendship, that undiminished
Yet burn'd in her lamp of hope, fed by the beam
Of faith and truth's undoubted ray.

Yet, at times,
She feared her own death would, ere long, complete

The scene ; for, in her breast she felt a cipher
 Writ that soon her earthly form she'd yield up
 To the God of nature, to undergo
 Creation's change : as the blighting grief
 In her heart she felt, was too deep for the rose
 On her cheek to re-blossom more.

“But why
 Regret,” she said, “Heaven may yet send me
 A cup of sweet relief, consecrated
 By faith, to guide my inexperienced youth
 Thro' life's thorny ways. Does not the author
 Of life and death dispense with righteous hands
 To his poor creatures, bliss or pain, as best
 Befits them? Surely, then, I should my lot
 Endure without repining : for metals
 Are with red heat refined and freed from dross.
 In affliction's burning furnace our souls
 Are purified ; and if we can resist
 Temptations, which are but the devil's tricks
 To wean us from the Lord, why, surely, futile

Then must be ev'ry alluring guise
The tempter wears to snare us from the path
Of virtue, and blot out the good resolves
That love for the All-powerful once hath
Fixed within the heart.

In her breast these truths
She recorded, then from her pale hands raised
Her head and wander'd to the blest retreat,
The chosen spot of love ; for Athol's nature
At her heart-strings yet unalt'erable play'd.

“ Ah! here alas! how often have our hearts
With mutual endearment entwined, our hands
United fondly. O hapless object
Now of my distress, thou art, perchance, long
Since number'd with the good. Aye, mute thy
tongue
That softly sung of love. Yet, p'rhaps, thou liv'st in
Prison languishing, but wearing out thy chains
With hope and fortitude. Ah! Athol dear,

Tho' mountains and wide-spreading plains divide
 Us, still I boast a priv'lege, a dear one :
 Fancy wafts me to thy arms. Yet, oh ! if thou
 Wert here, how much lighter would my burdens be.[^]
 Such were the thoughts sad Daisy spoke, while
 gazing
 O'er the fair scenes of soft delight, where
 At the sequester'd spot she linger'd till
 The evening's breeze in fitful gusts began
 To moan among the leaves, and mountain clouds
 Around the place a dusky shade diffused.
 Thus night being close at hand, dispelled from
 Her mind the train of placid thoughts and warn'd
 Her hence.

Soon upon the breeze she heard the tramp
 Of horse—affright'd ran—reach'd the cot—turn'd
 round,
 And saw a shadowy form hard by, hovering
 Near. Quick the door she shut ; but soon a rap
 Vibrated on her startled ear. Trembling,

She thro' the window gazed alarmed, and thought
She saw the chieftain returned back to burn
The cot, as twilight shadows veil'd the man,
And made his garb appear like gray.

Now listen

To her mind by prudence temper'd, her caution
Spoke with earnest warmth. "Who in evening's
mantle
Sombre wrapt comes here?" "A friend," was the
response.

"A friend, forsooth! at such an hour! Perchance
A foe, as none but the intrusive would
Invade a lonely maiden's sanctuary :
None but the designing prowl about in
Gloomy shades of night, dark deeds to do,
In order that their evil work may the
Mortal eye elude, and you seemed fashioned
For no good intent."

"Call not suspicion
To your mind, lone maid ; I'm not on mischief

Bound. Heaven is my witness. My mission
Is a holy one, and needs precaution.
To guard against impending ills I must
Shun the cheerful beam of day, and wander
Only when the night shrouds the world in gloom.
The letter which I carry in my vest



Declares the object of my visit, and will,
I'm sure, remove your doubts : it's from Athol."

When she heard the gentle name of Athol,
She felt conscious that the stranger's ends were
Right ; and without further parley bade him
Enter. Then he proffer'd her the letter,
Which she gladly took, and turn'd it round and
round.

Her bosom heaved convulsed with deep emotion,
The sudden chill of fear quit her blood,
And stay'd the with'ring grief that blanch'd her
cheeks

With paly dye, and sooth'd her thorny pains.

Then while Daisy, in the dim twilight, cast
A joyous look upon its superscription,
The stranger saw how beauteous was the maid,
How serenely fair in ev'ry feature.
Then, with the light of new-born hope, she from
The folded letter raised her languid eyes,

And said : "Tho' the lines seem to have been
penn'd

By a trembling hand, yet I can trace in
Them the ornate stylè of dear Athol ; and may
Fate charter freedom's blessings to the brave
Who brought them. May ev'ry adversity
Give him renew'd courage, till his name shall
Be upon the rolls of fame enshrined, and
Honors, like his days, brighten full of years."
The stranger bow'd his grateful thanks.

"How was
Dear Athol when you saw him last," she said.
"In health and hope quite buoyant ; for, to me,
His confidant, he often speaks of you
As being far above all mortal stars
That shine. My praises, too, with his can now
Be joined." Concluding which, Daisy look'd
straight

At the stranger, and caught the quick glance of
His eye, but in it saw he was sincere :

Then, gently curtsyed at the flatt'ring words
Which he had spoken.

“Most loth am I, fair maid,
To bid you now farewell ; but the pale star
Of eve shoots down its lustre, and shame might
Tinge your cheeks if here I tarried longer.”
“O, sir,” she said, “my tongue hath not power
Of words to tell the emotions that now
I feel : But give Athol this token of
My love, and murmur in his ear these vows
Of mine : Tell him that, ‘so long as time shall
Last, his image will remain and still be
Cherish'd at my faithful heart, and that, like
The stream near which he's now encamp'd, my
love
For him is deep and pure.’”

Delighted with
The kindly task enjoined, the courier
Promised faithfully her commands he would

Obey. Then both their hands in friendship's grasp
Were soon combined.

Hastily forth he sallied,
And nimbly mounted on his roan steed,
Which restlessly on the emerald sward paw'd
The deep green grass. "Adieu," he said. "Good
bye"
"And may kind Providence guard you safely
On your way," was her response. Then quickly,
The horseman and his charger, to her sight
Were lost, in the gloom of night enshrouded deeply.

CHAPTER VIII.

Athol's Letter to Daisy—She Quits her Place of
Birth—Her Search of Athol—Her Despair—
The Loyal Peasants—The Guerillas—
The Burning Hut—Its Victims.

IN the calm silence of that evening hour,
As Daisy sat musing o'er the joyful news
Which Athol's letter might contain ; the moon,
Hastening from her eastern bowers, full flushed
Arose and brightly shone o'er all the vale ;
Glanced radiantly a trembling ray of light
Upon the cottage window.

A welcome boon
Was the refulgent beam to Daisy :
For, soon with cheeks by joy's warm glow suffused,
She fondly pressed the letter to her lips,
And, then, by love's pure torch read these words :

“In the field, near Philomont, Virginia,

“August 23, 1862.

“DEAR DAISY :—

“Although tyrant rapine hath
 Reft me from thee, nor time, nor distance, nor
 The hard severities which fate compels
 Me to endure, hath blurr'd the impressions
 Which thy dear love hath made upon my heart.
 For when my mind on thy fond image dwells,
 Cheerfully I bear my aches and pains and
 Meet the dull monotonies of camp life.
 Amidst all the hardships incident
 To a soldier, and my perils on the field,
 The heart-melting ecstasy still burns
 In my breast, that I shall soon again see
 Her whom my fond heart passionately adores.
 Be then thyself thus warm with hope : for, in
 Grief or absence, Heaven's just hand weighs well
 The lot of human life. Neglect no means
 Which may be best to mitigate your pains ;
 And when this inhuman conflict's o'er

And the last battle shall have been fought and
won,

And death thro' ev'ry danger hath my life
Preserved, the black'ning clouds which now veil
our

Hopes will have cleared away and then we'll bask,
Unrestrained, in the sunshine of love, till
Death puts an end to all our earthly joys.

“But God alone knows when the feast of car-
nage

Will be o'er, as the giant North, firm in
Her strength and lavish with abundant means,
Still pours forth, in myriads strong, new heirs
To glory. Therefore, blood must yet be bought
With blood ; for' unavailing thus far hath
Proved the threats of laws and force of arms
To quell the civil hate and strife. Ruin
Yet rolls its sweeping tide of misery along
Virginia's blood-stained fields, where, mingling
Their lamentations with the wounded's groans,

Houseless are many old and young, besides
How much of woe unseen, how much untold.

“Even while I pen these lines, the news hath
Reached me that the self-same subtle fiend who
Has been the cause of all your wrongs, now
Leads a ruffian guerilla gang through
The gorges of the Blue Ridge, to forage
In the plains of ill-fated Maryland ;
To steal horses, pasturing herds, and grain,
From the husbandmen : and p'rhaps, as they
through

The Shenandoah pass, the marauders
Will pillage, burn, and make your rich valley
One devastated waste. But rest assur'd
That all their agencies of hell will not
Our vigilance oppose. We now sleep upon
Our arms, ready at a moment's warning
To rise combined as one to check their course.

“But if the lurking rebel should evade
Our watchfulness, in friendly guise he may

In all his pompous pride come to the cot
 Again, and evermore darken the light
 That beams in thine eyes so blue. Consequently,
 Forego ño merit of good intent,
 But rather seek safety in flight : as 'tis
 Always best to fly when arm'd dangers threaten
 Unarm'd innocence. Therefore, be on your guard :
 The rest I'll leave to your own sagacious heart.

“ATHOL.”

“May bliss from heav'n around thee dwell. To
 see

Thee soon, dear Athol, I'll try. Aye, even
 Before the glowing sun to-morrow doth
 Shine in the meridian, I will be on
 My lonesome way. Then quick, O smiling morn
 Awake, that I may go in search of him who'll
 Find my heart as firm, as pure and holy
 As his own. But if I should find him not—”
 Here awhile she paused—then said : “Why
 then I'll



Weep him dead." Just then a fleeting cloud roll'd
Athwart the moon, and wrapt both her and earth
In the opake shroud of night.

Then sleep, with
Her bland Morphean folds, her heavy eyes soon
Sealed in soft repose, where, deep in dreamland's
Magic bowers, she lay unconscious but a spell,

For broken was her rest, which made the night
So long and irksome seem, that soon she from
Her restless couch arose, listen'd, but heard
No sound save the sigh of the low breeze.
Then casting up an anxious eye toward
The orb-bespangled crown of night, she saw
The paly lustre of the morning star
Faded languidly before the gleam of
Breaking day, which, afar upon the peaks
Of the high distant hills, shone tremblingly.

Then in her satchel dainties few she pack'd
For life's support, and cheering succour by
The way, where'er she'd shape her course, o'er hill,
Thro' grove, down dale. But yet, at first, too weak
Her resolution seem'd to quit her place
Of birth, and where her parent lay
In rude grave : for alone to leave the grave
Neglected, would evince no longer love
Nor filial duty. Thus was her mind sway'd
By the fond pow'r of attachment.

At length

Reason came to her aid. Loose purpose might
 Lead to life's disgrace, and to linger there
 Was to be undone. She shudder'd at the thought,
 And said, she'd put her trust in Him who grants
 Or takes away ; would go wherever fate
 Or fortune her might waft ; and then, with fixed
 Resolve, forth in the noontide beam she went
 Where her dear mother's dust reposed, and there
 pluck'd

Off the grave a reed that trembling grew :
 Then turn'd her fair face to'ards her childhood's
 home

She loved, and casting one last look upon
 Her mother's blest abode, she, weeping, dash'd
 Into a wood.

There her startled eyes peer'd
 Round and round. Thick incumbent shadows
 scowl'd
 About her. Ev'ry now and then she fear'd



Some beast of prey would pounce upon and eat
Her. But on she rov'd o'er plains and forded
Unknown floods. Her bed sear'd leaves of
autumn ;
Her pillow some bleak rock. Nor fear then
blanch'd
Her care-worn cheeks ; for the first tremor long
Since vanish'd from her breast. Fortitude

All her power of endurance had summon'd,
 And arm'd her with fix'd resolution :
 With which she heeded not the howling of
 The tempest, the lightning's vivid glare,
 Nör the pealing thunder's crash.

Yet one day,

As the sun declined, she, weary, languid,
 Faint, within a silent shelter'd spot sat
 Veil'd in gloom, and there of hope bereft, sigh'd
 And said : " Alas ! nothing but thorns my way
 Beset. Want, woe, and strife my pilgrimage
 Doth vex. Fruitless my search hath been. Way-
 ward

Still my destiny ; for it seems Heaven doth
 Deny me the expected joy to heal
 The gnawing smarts which my misfortunes bring.
 Then if I'm doom'd to die, why not here in
 This wild wood ; for my wearied soul I feel
 Wants to be enchain'd no longer down to earth,
 But yearns to soar to the blest abode where

Shines yon bright and happy star.

Gazing upward,
Her eyes then caught a light gleaming dimly
through
The umbrage of the wood. Both hope and fear
Soon took the place of her despair. She knew
Not whether friend or foe resided whence
The glimmer faintly shone ; yet something innate
Panted at her heart that a lone maid would
There be welcom'd, and soon the spot she reached ;
Found to her great joy, the light proceeded
From a peasant's humble habitation.

She knock'd the door. The panel gave the
sound.

A female voice within demanded, " Who
Is there ? " " One whom the winds blow fierce
about ;

A poor exile who wanders far and wide,
Houseless, friendless, and forlorn," said Daisy.

The last word scarcely fell from her lips ere
The door wide open on its hinges swung.

Tenderly they mark'd her mournful mein,
And saw too well her sunken eyes exprest
The haggard sign that deep corroding care



Was eating up her mind : how faint she was
From hunger and her toilsome journeyings.

But soon they from their homely board bestow'd
On Daisy choicest fare—the gen'rous mite

Unask'd ; for, tho' scanty was the portion
Nature gave to them, yet they spared not when
The hungry craved, the houseless needed shelter ;
For they good-natured were, if not refined
With the gloss of worldly worth. Charity
Comes from the soul : its promptings are divine ;
This Daisy knew, and estimated rightly
Their gen'rous hearts by what their hands had
 given.

All amazed they listen'd to the story
Of her woes, and felt indignant at the deeds
The cruel rebel done, and him denounc'd
A brute. Then she told them that 'twas fear
Which made her leave her native home, and
 love,
That sadden'd all her thoughts, to wander so
With beating heart and eager hopes to find
Her lover youth, a soldier brave, who gloried
To be foremost in the fight ; and tho' in
Many an adverse battle tried, yet smiled

On dangers past, and lived the open foe
Of traitors to their country.

Then she from
Her bosom Athol's vignette drew. They gazed
Admiringly upon his handsome face ;
But quickly alternating their delight,
With much surprise they said :

“ Alas ! not long since
A squad of Fed'ral soldiers, arm'd with weapons
Of death, came down yonder mountain's steep,
Singing songs of freedom and strains of love.
Their leader's features strong resemblance bore
Unto this likeness, but more swarthy
His complexion seemed ; but this may have been
Caused by his exposure to the scorching sun. .
Nor were his cheeks so round and full ; still,
This can be attributed to his love
And distant thoughts of you ; but his hair, like
This, was black as a raven's wing.”

“Then fright,
Unknown before, seized our hearts, for 'twas
The first time that our wond'ring eyes ere saw
Men dressed up in clothes fantastic. “Fear not,”
The leader said, “we are your friends : ours is
No hostile banner : it waves for freedom,
Law, and order, not for spoliation :
And on many a hard-fought field against
The foe it has been reared. Therefore be not
Alarmed ; your lives are safe : no invaders
Now your quiet retreat explore.”

“Thus he spoke,
Soft as the accents of a child, and yet,
As he turned round to face his men, I thought
I saw an insidious smile play round his mouth ;
Still we 'sposed they were sincere, that men train'd
Up to mortal combat, and who'd achieved
Heroic deeds whilst sternly battling with
Frantic hordes of lawless foes, surely would
Not stoop their honors to defame and blight

The laurels they so nobly earned, to hurt.
 The harmless and injure the confiding.
 But, alas! faithless were those friends : they
 proved
 Themselves our greatest enemies ; for when
 We gave them all the food and drink they
 needed ;
 In short, to ev'ry one impartially
 Our gen'rous care extended ; they, after
 Partaking of our hospitality,
 Stole from the plow my husband's oxen : took
 My best two milch cows, then shot our poultry ;
 And carried on their depredations till
 Nearly all the means with which we life
 Supported, they knavishly purloined.

"But mark, this is not all : the knaves added
 Insult to injury ; for when we ask'd
 Payment for the chattels which they'd stolen,
 Harsh and rude the wretches laugh'd, and drove
 Before them our sheep, horses, hogs, and cattle :

Ev'n now the thankless and irreverent tongues
Of the audacious roughs ring in my ears."

"Can aught in human nature be less kind?
Hard it is indeed to bear such wrongs," said
Daisy,

"Yet none the less, my friends, have they, I find,
Subdued the gen'rous feelings of your hearts.
Bount'ous strangers, now farewell. Quick must I
Pursue my way, to resolve whatever
Fate decrees me."

Just then appalling sounds
Of horror wild arose upon her ears. "Death
To foes : captivity to traitors : slaughter
And slav'ry yet shall triumph." Daisy shrank
With fright, and cold sweat beaded on her brow.

Soon the same guerillas bold, with torches
In their hands, and with augmented force 'proach'd
her.



She gave a piercing shriek and fainting fell
To earth. "A female spy," the ruffians cried,
Then looking down they thought the damsel dead,
And raised her prostrate form up from the ground,
And bore her to a darksome glade hard by the hut.

Then back they to the cot their hasty steps
Retraced. Their presence to the old folks' hearts

Wild terrors brought. Quick, the peasant pale with
Horror leaped from his bed and on his knees
Begg'd the rebels to spare the helpless lives of
Both himself and wife.

“Yes, we shall,” they cried,
“If you own our sway, our cause defend, and leave
This place, wherein a moment since we saw
You aid and comfort give unto a foe.”

But the peasant scorn'd to quit his home, and
said :

“His constancy to his country was due,
And that he'd rather die than sell his birthright
To those who fought to oppress and conquer'd
To enslave.”

This roused the rebels' ire. They
Struck, then kick'd their kneeling foe. For mercy
Pray'd the wife. But her tears nor lamentations
Could melt their stony hearts. Soon the cot

In burning ruins blazed. Writhing hands rose
Up amid the sheeted flames imploring
The avenging angel down to hurl
Red bolts of wrath upon and strike the hearts
Of the inhuman wretches dead with fright.
While amid their last screams of agony
Were heard, "We treason hate, and traitors scorn;
True to the Union die—loyal to the last."

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CHAPTER IX.

Daisy a Captive—The Bivouac—Daisy's Doom.

Nor till their victims' charr'd remains exhaled,
Through murky wreaths of smoke, a pestilence
Most baleful, did the rebels quit the hut
In search of injured Daisy, whom they found
Much convulsed and with all her sense nigh fled.

Through dark desert ways and rugged paths
they,

Unmindful of her piteous cries, her sobs,
Her plaints and bitter wailings, brought her to
A cavern deep, scoop'd out between two hills,
And laid her in a dark recess wherein
Her fate should be determin'd by their chief,
Who'd not, as yet return'd.

So, round a blazing fire,



The murd'ring crew caroused. Some the weed
fum'd.

Some sang ribald songs by turns and smutty jokes
Got off, whilst others quaffed and pass'd around
A vile inebriant distillation.

“Drink, comrades, drink,” more loquacious than

The rest, cried one. "Drain your canteens to the
dregs.

'Tis the most potent of all drinks, to rouse
Our sluggish blood to life and fortify
Us 'gainst dangerous night damps. Besides, it is
Our chieftain's birthday night. Then let us all
Be merry, jocund, gay, and laugh at folly
As it flies on pleasure's wing. For, why should
We work our own annoy, when now we have
A chance to pass a lucid interval
From a life attended with so many
Dangers? True, to lead this wild course has been
Our own choice; or, rather, we were all forced
Into it by the roving propensities
Of our natures, and ungovernable wills
That could not bear restraints, nor drudgeries,
Nor the enervating dull routines of
The regular soldier. No, my comrades; among
These hills we are free to do what we please.
Here we can and do despise the outer world.
Where glaring vice and luxury prevail;

Where laws are made most stringently to force
City villains into decency.

But here, full of adventurous love, among
These mountain passes, we simply practise
The ancient virtues of our ancestors,
With a valiant chief whose freeborn soul nought
Can turn from perilous ways; aye, one who spurns
The niggard Yankees' selfish yoke and hates
Their clannish, over-jealous natures. Still,
Sometimes when he's not aware, I notice
That his high-toned spirits are much dejected,
So much so, in fact, he seems to struggle
Against some opposing fate, the cause of
Which I opine I know. So, if you'll cease
Your drowsy murmurs, and open your ears,
I'll breathe into them, the sad incident
Of his life which yet preys upon his mind.

“Two years have scarce elapsed since he was
smitten

With the peerless charms of a Yankee maiden

Whose father, a Puritan born and bred,
Lavish'd on her with unsparing hands,
The wealth he'd gain'd running niggers from
Africa into the Isle of Cuba,
Hoping, thereby, that his gifts of fortune,
Along with her accomplishments, would add
Great dignity to his high lineage ;
Grace the pious stock from which she sprang,
And draw around her swarms of wealthy suitors."

"Our noble chief, a Virginian by birth,
Was always at her father's house a welcome guest ;
For he thither often went to interchange
With her father mutual thoughts concerning
Their clandestine interests in the slave trade.
So, whilst in social converse, the father learnt
That Agar was descended from one of the
Eldest and most distinguished families
Of old Virginia. Then coupling this news
With the proud notions of himself, he saw
That such high blood, with wealth united, would

Confer much honor on his house, and offer'd
 Agar his daughter's hand in marriage,
 With vested rights in estates as portion
 Of her marriage dower. Agar consented,
 And promised to solemnize the nuptials
 When he'd returned from Paris, where he'd gone
 Some months before the war broke out.

But in

That gay city, where vice and shame strut round
 Enrob'd in meek-sainted guise, wine and women
 Soon his youthful bosom fired. Held spell-bound
 By the charming witch'ries of the gay lorettes,
 Who hold their bacchanals at the Chateaux
 Des Fleurs and Mabille, soon his unthinkin'g
 And blind reason brought him down deep into
 The gulf of dissipation, which soon made
 Him needy ; for, amid his orgies, he thought
 Not of the ruin he was bringing
 On himself, but, to relieve his pressing wants,
 Continued to make frequent demands

For means from her father, and gave his lands
In Virginia to him as surety
For supplies.

“ At last the day of reck’ning
Came. The Yankee complain’d of tardy payment ;
Felt touch’d to the quick in consequence,
And vouchsafed to lend our chief no more funds.

“ So, one bright morning, the captain awoke
To the consciousness that shadowy ills
Obscur’d his stores at home ; and once more
steer’d
His shatter’d barque across the ocean wave.
On arriving home he found his domains
Were laid waste by the war which fiercely raged
Upon his native soil, his slaves set free ;
In short, his happy home, and what remain’d
Of his once fair realms, confiscated were
By the Federal jackals.

“But yet his cup of
 Mis’ry was not full : one drop it lack’d
 More turgid still. Adverse fate deign’d to add
 Poignancy to his misfortunes : for with
 Harsh disdain the maiden’s father on him
 Fix’d an eye malignant, and with anger
 Bade him never more to cross his threshold.

“Struck with such unkindness, our chieftain
 took
 It in his heart to loath forever more
 The Yankees, and swore he’d hold dread reverence
 O’er their heads, joined our cause, then took these
 hills
 To—”

Awe-struck, they him beheld. He came with
 Hurried tread. Amazed, he stood awhile as
 If some boding ill gleam’d through his eyes.
 Soon his abject crew bent to his pride, and quit
 The bivouac his wishes to fulfill :

To forage round and ransack spots, which, in
Open day, their footsteps fear'd to tread.

When gone, the ingrate bold the weak maid
eyed

O'er and o'er ; gave her many a wishful look ;
And urg'd by lust, the leafy couch approach'd
On which she slumbering lay. She started up
As from a trance, with hair dishevell'd much,
And features fix'd in stern expression wild,
And on him threw the keenest dart of scorn.

Barb'rously severe he her accused of
Trait'rous complicity, and, indignant,
Said : " Haughty fair one, now thy doom's decreed.
Thou shalt have but one hour more to linger here,
If now thou dost not to my wishes lend
A gracious ear."

Down on her knees Daisy
Look'd up at him with mild, imploring eyes,

And with anguish in her bosom, wailing,
 Said : "Alas! he's thought severe who thus con-
 demns
 The innocent and unhappy. Hast thou
 Not one friend to whom the sacred heart relies
 For truth and honor? If not, then such have
 I—one ardent, noble, kind : In faith and hope
 Unfaltering we are bound."

But her soft pleadings
 Could not move his harden'd heart : It was bereft
 Of all that's meek and tender. He heeded not
 Her tears, her firm faith, nor virtue proud,
 But said : "You'll never see your lover more.
 In prison he now wears his chains. P'rhaps ere
 Now, the Yankee's rotten carcass has been
 To the buzzards thrown." "Then if Athol is
 To me forever lost," she cried, "God bless
 His soul. His image so dear to my sight shall
 In my heart be firmly fixed, nor ever
 From my cherish'd memory fade. But thou,

Vile minion of all that's mean and great,
The willing tool of that vain man whose pride
Is phrenzy, whose ambition's but despair,
Whose heart is void of ev'ry spark divine,
The curse of orphans and the cause of
Many a widow's tear, know that you may
Glitter in your infamy awhile ;
But the potent grasp of might shall be soon
Wrested from you : The majesty of pow'r
Is in the avenging sword held in the hand
Of Heav'n : 'twill yet descend upon and burst
Your vaunted bubble to the sun, aye, blast
Your lauded greatness : Deeds of retribution
Deal unto the mean and base ambitious fools
Upon the gibbet ; and righteous justice
Yet shall hurl upon thee its avenging ire,
For the wrongs which thou hast cruelly brought
Upon my Athol's hapless head : Aye, you
Who came into that happy home where dwelt
In blessed peace the innocent whose ears
Were strangers to the blast and din of war,

And vilely brought, therein, much misery,
 Wretchedness and mourning. My father's name
 Blasphem'd with curses foul, then reft him from
 Me, and in a dungeon dire, him thrust, to pine,
 To starve, and die : my aged mother caused
 Through pining grief to sink into her grave
 Ere she'd time to don a widow's mourning weeds ;
 And me an outcast orphan made for life.
 But remember, yours is but a weak boast
 Of transitory power. Successful guilt
 Can but triumph awhile : For soon before
 The keen, relentless weapons of the North,
 Both your stuck-up pride and cause shall
 Tumble : 'tis to them alone revenge is
 Given. Beware."

At this, in drunken fury,
 The chieftain laugh'd outright, and said: "Murmur
 Not, my dear, fond bird. Do you think I'd injure
 A bosom so fair. Beauty like thine was
 Form'd for joy ; and you must own I'm now

Your lawful lord."

Then he strove with eager arms
To grasp her. As quick she from his touch re-
coil'd .

"Shrink not," he angrily cried. "Succumb
To my power thou must, or, in this dense wood
Unseen by mortal eye, from life to death
Thou soon shalt pass ; for, longer my mind
Thy indiff'rence can't bear, thy pœvish censures
Endure : nought but thy consent to be my bride
Can satisfy my burning soul." Saying which,
He grasped her by her long dishevell'd hair.
"Swear," he cried, "ere this dagger's keen edge
shall
In your heart's blood be imbrued."

"No, no," she said,
"Fate will ne'er permit me to touch thy hand,
It hath the stain of murder'd blood ; and such love
As thine, the tender-hearted would defile :

Forever unhappy she'd be whose bosom
 Hath therein sincere passion glowing. No,
 My honor lives for one most dear to my heart.
 Therefore, if my ardent troth for him I love
 Can't kindle in thy breast compassion's warmth,
 Why longer the sacrifice delay? Why
 Tantalize your victim like a cat ere
 You destroy? or like the venom'd adder
 Coil your folds around ere you sting to death
 Your prey? For well I know he who would not
 Spare my father's life will not spare my own;
 And death would end the tortures which now rack
 My beating heart. But beware. He yet lives
 For whom my soul with sacred fervor burns.
 He whom thy bold hands hath sway'd with cruelty,
 But who will yet thy proud triumph guilt
 Avenge."

Then reviving wrath the chieftain's soul
 Inflamm'd. The name of Athol moved his heart
 To hate; and black as night he frown'd and spent

His rage on helpless Daisy, who struggled
At his feet. Her clasp'd hands clinging round his
knees ;

With dripping eyes to Heav'n raised and crying,
"Oh! God of mercy! is there no friend nigh?"
"There is a friend," a deep gruff voice behind
A rock exclaim'd. "Arrogant knave, forbear."
The rebel heard the voice. It rived his heart.
His stern determined look he took from off
The mortal place, and quick with fright he started
Back, recoil'd and dropt unstain'd upon the
ground

His sheathless dirk, which high above her head
He held.

Again he heard the voice upon
The midnight blast exclaim, "Outcast of earth
Is searching among these hills, to ravish
Helpless women, then to thrust them from you
As in scorn, to murder in cold blood
Thy vaunted chivalry? The crimes which you've

Already done, now cry aloud to Heaven
 For vengeance. Therefore, thou rebel reprobate!
 Beware. If you murder her nigh strangled
 At your feet, hell's furies, that now thirst
 Unceasing for your blood, will pursue you
 Everywhere. Horrid sounds will rise on
 Ev'ry wind and in your blood-stained conscience
 Howl these words: 'Seducer, coward, murderer.'"

Pale turned the chieftain's cheeks: His joints
 trembled
 As if by an intermittent ague shook.
 Then he quickly, like a fleeting shadow,
 Vanish'd through the gloom, whilst the voice,
 meantime,
 Hard on his trail, cried: "Thou curst, abandon'd
 wretch,
 Well may'st thou fly from guilt's alarms,
 But never from your wicked conscience.



CHAPTER X.

Daisy's Rescue—Men Deliverer—Men Meeting with
Athol—The Battle—Death of the Lovers.

WHEN the chieftain deep into the forest shade
Had fled, the stranger from his covert hied
To the gloomy spot where Daisy's cries for
Mercy had arisen, and found her there
Half dead by fear, murmuring in despair.

Soon he from the ground her faint form raised,
 And in her livid cheeks beheld how much,
 Alas! her inmost heart was wounded. Then
 From the rocky cell along a vernal path
 He bore his fragile trust in safety,
 Until a hazel glade he reached, where obscur'd
 From curious sight, he halted near
 A tinkling rill, which down a pebbly steep
 Slow trickling ran, and with its ice-cool water
 Daisy's fevered temples lav'd.

Soon with

Open eyes she hailed the breaking morn's gray
 light ;
 Her ears caught the plaintive murmur of the rill ;
 Her low voice muttered, " Where am I ? By whom
 Thus held hand bound ? Who's my deliverer ?"

'Twas then the stranger read with glad surprise
 Her brighten'd looks, and thro' her gleaming eyes
 Saw her life was safe ; but yet a symbol

There reveal'd some hidden secret in her heart,
Which, altho' her charms had been by the keen
 blight

Of sorrow faded, still show'd that the soft tinge
Of beauty lingered on her care-worn cheeks.

“Oh, Sir,” she said, “to you I owe my life,
To you my grateful thanks are due. Never
Can my heart renounce thy hallow'd friendship's
 claim.”

Then she told him all about her hard fate :
What wrongs she'd from the rebels borne, and how
Of father, mother, friends bereft ; and one,
Also, who found her young, torn from her fair.
“Ah !” she sigh'd, “oft together we have form'd
Our mutual faiths with fondest truths, and sealed,
With true love sighs, our promised hymen vow.
But being then of him and friends bereft
By that pamper'd son of vice and tyranny,
No one was left who could my griefs assauge ;
And oft I've visited the blissful bowers

Where we were wont to meet, and wander'd often
 O'er and o'er again our field of cheerful love ;
 But all those once bright scenes were clouded ;
 Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars had light for me.
 Each hour his absence wrung my heart. Many
 Long, sad days I heard no tidings of him ;
 And feared I was, alas ! forever doom'd
 His friendship's bitter loss to taste, when—" Here
 She paused to wipe away the tears that dimm'd
 Her eyes.

"Alas !" her friend then cried, "how strange
 Do secret sympathies human souls pervade !
 The hardest heart in grief like thine would feel
 A share ; and even now to see thee weep,
 Connects with thine my own remember'd joys
 Unto thy wretchedness ; for thy plight afflicts
 My heart, and, like me, I learn thou art to love
 And keen despair a prey,—a victim of
 The self same ruffian vile who thrust me in
 A dungeon dark, where many weary days

And nights I, caged up like an untamed beast,
 Imprison'd sat, a hapless vassal bound,
 Pining in darkness, famish'd, and benumb'd
 By damps, clanking my slavish chains, and
 counting

Many a weary hour of my dull life
 Away, thinking that if I could but rend
 The links that gall'd my heart, I'd quickly fly
 To the dear pledge whom to my first-born hopes
 Was known—one whose face I found in pride of
 Beauty fair, and in whose lustrous blue eye
 Her gentle spirit shone. O that Daisy
 Now were nigh to hear my voice, I'd—"

Daisy felt

Like being lifted to the clouds, and fixed
 Her eyes full on the stranger. "I see, I see!"
 She cried, "thou art none else but Athol!
 This yeoman's guise is all delusion!"
 With one accordant pause an attitude
 They struck; and mute awhile they stood in all

The silent eloquence of love ; then rush'd
 Into each others' arms.

Heart to heart they press'd—
 Burning kisses seal'd their lips. Raptures raised
 Their two embodied souls to heaven, for
 They knew not where they stood. Creation, too,
 Her grateful voice uplifted ; as the sky,
 Just then, with joyous light an unclouded
 Aspect wore. Gaily the birds, in pairs,
 On lithe wings flutter'd about them. Their jocund
 songs
 Attuned made the welkin ring with mirth.

Soon from the wretched Daisy Athol's presence
 Banish'd care ; her falling tears dried, and caus'd
 Life's mantling current high to mount her face.
 Her humorous heart then dimpled her cheek with
 Smiles. The lucid gladness over all
 Her features spread. Sonorous and clear she
 vented

Forth a joyous laugh at seeing Athol
In disguise. He, too, in sweet astonishment
Smiled and said : " 'Tis done to cheat the rebel's
sight ;

For, the human mind, you know, is well versed
In deceit : The sire of falsehood practised
It ; the rebels follow him ; we copy
Them—perhaps with more consummate art."

"Twas

Thus that their strange meeting on each other
Much unsullied pleasure did bestow. Then
Daisy mildly said : " Come, Athol, let us
Hasten from this place : It is the shrine of
Rebels, and the air around is tainted
With their breaths. Come, let us go ere the
brood of
Vile cut-throats bar our paths."

" No, Daisy, no,"

Cried Athol, " Fame, honor, truth, forbid it.

The dastard sycophant who mock'd at me
 Scarce heal'd of my wounds, and you an orphan
 Made, to suffer from hunger and p'rhaps die,
 Unpitied, among my friends a speedy fate
 Must find : as justice for the wrongs the brute
 Has done, the crimes which he's exulted o'er
 Demand his doom. Yet, being a scout, it would
 Be prudent, now to leave ere danger may
 In direst form arise and disconcert
 My well laid plans to capture the guerrillas,
 For our corps is now encamp'd upon the edge
 Of this small stream just where it runs through
 yonder cedar grove."

Then they clasped their hands and sighed the
 vow that

They would, when the battle ceased and he had
 Swept with giant strength the proud survivor
 Of their wrongs from earth, be wed. So, Daisy,
 Hailed the dawn of that bright day, thinking
 much

Of the sweet promise and of many years
Of bliss in store, and said whatever might
Betide, she'd share his fate on future fields
Of proud renown or fall with him in victory.
So, trusting in Heaven for strength and quick
With nimble feet she with him flew, to dare
The paths which Athol oft had dared before.

Then ere the redd'ning sun that day had set,
Sounds of drums and war's alarms were heard
upon
The wind. Hosts of men with hollow eyes,
Haggard cheeks, and with their bright arms
gleaming
In the sun, cross'd Potomac's flood to wage
Impious war upon Antietam's plain.
There McClellan brave, his country's pride, but
Short-lived faction's hate, unfurled his banner
To the vent'rous foe, and led in proud array
His daring thousands forth, who far and wide

Dispersed Lee's plund'ring hosts.

In Daisy's eyes

It was an awful sight to see, face to face,
 Christian freemen stand in line of battle dread
 Hurling ruin, waste, and death around her :
 Terrible the vengeful shouts and horrid yells
 Which rose amid the thundering cannon's peal :
 Heart-rending cries of mortal agony,
 And shrieks of death from mangled corse ascend-
 ing.

And when the discordant din of strife had
 Died upon the evening breeze, she bounded
 'Midst the heroic slain, and called, with cries
 Of sadness, the name of him who promised
 Her, ere long, the nuptial ring. So, onward,
 Wild in aspect, across the bloody plain
 She flew, searching, with tearful eyes along,
 With brothers o'er brothers bending, fathers
 O'er slaughter'd sons, and friends loudly mingling

Their lamentations with the wounded's groans,
Her Athol's bleeding form ; when soon, among
The ghastly slain, she spied, prostrate upon



The ensanguined ground, the guerilla chief,
Athol's mortal foe, 'gainst whom he strove in
Rage of battle hot, and triumph'd o'er at last :
For, a deadly minie ball from Athol's
Well-aimed carbine had gone whizzing where

The chieftain stood, urging on his men, and sank
Him 'mid the rebel dead.

Seeing his fate,
She raised her hands on high, and utter'd "God
Be praised, thy retribution's just:" then hurried
On in grief, low bending, scrutinizing,
In the moon's pale beam, ev'ry pallid face
That lay cold in death, to find her love.

Soon from the blood-stained grass a muttered
prayer
With mournful groans upon her ears sounded.
Quickly whence the moans arose she hastened ;
And there, alas ! quite faint, expiring, saw
Her lover writhing in his wounds, bleeding
Fast, all welt'ring in his life blood, gasping
Hard for breath ; his dark hair drenched with
gore ; his
Musket by his side, its handle firmly grasped.



Frantically, she called him by his name ; stooped
And fondly clasped her Athol to her heart,
Brushed the matted locks back from his brow and
Gazing on his dying eyes, she bade him speak

One dear fond word to her, his Daisy fair.
He muttered "Oh! is that you, love, my bride?"
Then gave a gurgling sound and lay a breathless
corpse.

Swift frenzy lit her eyes. A mortal pang
Her heart struck. She gave a shriek and cried
aloud,
"Oh! God, thy will be done," then fell upon
Her lover's clay-cold corse, kissed his bloodless lips
And on his mangled bosom died.

FINIS.

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